

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII. : No. 27.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Poetry.

In the Hospital.

In the ranks of the sick and dying, in the chamber where death-dews fall, When the sleeper wakes from his trances to leap to the bugle call. Is there hope for the wounded soldier? Ah no! for his heart blood flows, And the flickering flame of life must wane, to fail at the evening's close.

Oh thou, who greeft, like a sunbeam, to light in the darkness and gloom!

Make way for his path of glory, through the dim and shadowy room;

Go speak to him words of comfort and teach him the way to die.

With his eye upraised from the starry flag to the blessed cross on high,

And tell him brave hearts are beating, with pulses as noble as thine;

That we count them at home by the thousands—thou sweetest sister of mine— That they fail not and flinch not from duty, while the vials of wrath are poureid,

And tell him to call it not grievous, but joyous to fall by the sword.

When the hosts of the foe are outnumbered, and the day of the Lord is at hand, Shall we halt in the heat of the battle, and fail at the word of command?

On no! through the trouble and anguish by the terrible pathway of blood,

We must bear up the flag of our freedom, on

—on through the perilous flood!

And if one should be brought faint and bleeding, though wounded, yet not unto death—

Oh plead with the soft arm of heaven, to favor his languishing breath;

Be faithful to heal him, and to save him, assuaging the fever and pains,

Till the pulse in his strong arm be strengthened,

And the blood courses free in his veins.

Then take the good sword from its scabbard, and front his pale face to the foe, And bid him march onward, unconquered, though stricken again, lie low;

He shall see in the dream of his slumber, he shall know in his soul's swift release,

That the heralds afar on the mountains come bearing the lilies of peace.

When the blood of the Old Dominion shall lie trod in its pride to the dust,

When her swords and her traitorous banners are consumed by the moth and the rust,

When the gold and the purple he tarnished, and the light is gone out in her halls,

And she sees the last slave, freed from her fetters,

walk out by her pitiful walls.

Though late comes the signal of promise,

when the horse and the rider shall reel;

And when the roll of God's chariot wheel;

Yet sure as God's heavens above us, on the glittering scroll shall be read,

"The days of thy kingdom are numbered,"

and our last aimed foe shall be dead.

—Independent.

Select Literature.

LOVE AT DENHAM HALL.

—CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

The moment she looked up from her drawing, I remembered her at once by her eyes. It was full three years since I had seen them, during a tour in vacation, on entering the diligence from St. Omer to Paris. She was then a mere girl in her teens, but far more interesting than misses are at that dubious period; a curly-headed rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of blue eyes which I must describe, for they were absolutely unique.

Their color was extremely full and deep, the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eyelashes, they gave a sly or pensive expression to the curl of a red upper lip; but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky for hours. She was travelling under her father's escort to Paris, to enter a pension there, and as there were no passengers in the diligence beside ourselves, before nightfall, I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire* on half-pay, as I conjectured from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way to the vivacity of her spirits, and as a papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterance that the world presents. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing while she prattled on, of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosities as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chilly at night I folded my grey travelling cloak around her, and observed most with fondness, her little head began to nod, and her narrative to falter; until at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep that it was not disturbed, when at the first jolt that occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and passing my arm around her, kept it in that position, I could never sleep in a stage. In those days moreover, my imagination was in greatest force; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the conductor and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow traveller, to which the paternal snore furnished a very tolerable counterpart, I amused myself with various reveries con-

cerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom.

Sometimes a fanciful idea arose, that our intercourse so recently begun, and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day. And I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, again crossing my path, by some accident such as had already brought us together. There is, I am persuaded, a truth of prediction in these impressions, especially in those which visit us in the night season. Dreams, says a great poet, come from God. When the day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet resting in my cloak, that I could not abstain from impressing a morning salutation upon her brow; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber; nor did she wake until the rattling of the vehicles along the pavement approaching the Barrier St. Dennis, announced our approach to Paris. When the diligence stopped in the Rue de l'Enfer, I felt quite sad at parting from my charge; and as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her to tell me her name, and not forget me. She told me—she was called Isabel Denham, and said she had a good memory; and Little expected on giving her the farewell in pleasure, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, then at the age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short sojourn at Paris, and long after returning to Oxford, the picture of those rich black curls, waving on my shoulders, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the diligence, perpetually recurred to the imagination. How angry was I at my stupidity in not asking of the whereabouts of her home at Leicestershire! Indeed I tormented all the men from that county with whom I had any acquaintances, with inquiries concerning the name of Denham until vexed by the ridicule they excited. The dissipations and studies of college life, did not however, impair my memory; although when I revisited the Continent, after taking my degree, it was only at leisure moments that I would ask myself, "I wonder what has become of the pretty Isabel; by this time she must be a full woman, and I doubt not a fair one." I should like to know if she recollects her companion of the diligence!

A delightful summer ramble had terminated among the slopes and vineyards of the Pays de Vaud. On a day too sultry for walking, I was descending on mule back, a steep hill in the neighborhood of Vevey by an untraveled road which overlooks the lake. The clouds began to creep heavily upwards from behind the Alps; and I urged my lazy beast, in the hope of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But mules are impracticable animals; and mine, upon a smart application of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road, began to indulge in one of those intolerable howls, which none but mulish organs can perpetrate, to the alarm of a young lady who was seated quietly sketching, at the corner I had just turned. When she looked up, startled by the hideous noise, I sprang from the mule, and, with a shout of laughter, and a burst of admiration, she opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky for hours. She was travelling under her father's escort to Paris, to enter a pension there, and as there were no passengers in the diligence beside ourselves, before nightfall, I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire* on half-pay, as I conjectured from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way to the vivacity of her spirits, and as a papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterance that the world presents. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing while she prattled on, of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosities as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chilly at night I folded my grey travelling cloak around her, and observed most with fondness, her little head began to nod, and her narrative to falter; until at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep that it was not disturbed, when at the first jolt that occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and passing my arm around her, kept it in that position, I could never sleep in a stage. In those days moreover, my imagination was in greatest force; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the conductor and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow traveller, to which the paternal snore furnished a very tolerable counterpart, I amused myself with various reveries con-

cerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom.

"George," said I, to the old blue-bottle whom I met hurrying homeward, "how long has Captain Denham been at Vevey?"

The man seemed surprised, but answered, "Sir George Denham, you mean, sir; he is Sir George now, that the baronet of Yorkshire is dead."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact; and my lady?"

"My lady! God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into this foreign place."

"Indeed! I had not heard of that accident; and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?"

"No, sir, the young people were all left in Leicestershire, when Sir George came abroad for his health."

"Do they say much company?"

"Oh, no, sir! master lives quite retired like; besides, there are but few English people about Vevey."

"Very good; now go home and dry yourself."

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured: no troublesome mamma or brothers; father invalid, and a baronet; nothing could be more delightful!

I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions; and engaged my apartments in the town for two months' certain.

My call on the following day, was kindly received; my dear countrymen, heaven bless them! are not quite so sultry when you meet them abroad, especially if they happen to be in want of assistance or amusement. Sir George appeared to me to stand in the latter predicament, and certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approaches I made to become an *habitué* under his roof. I gathered both from his dialogue, with George (the blue-bottle) that with title, fortune had also flowed in upon him; and therefore cautiously abstained from calling to his memory our former meeting. But with the fair Isabell, I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was installed in the place of *cicerone*, and permitted to escort her to views, which papa could not reach. I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, although cautiously at first. The moment, however, that I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Denham's eye, and perhaps a little brightening of color, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstance of our previous meeting, and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto hesitated to make the inquiry, I should fail in attempting to explain; those little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of the fair Isabell, in getting me into a long room filled up with rich, oaken panels, alternating with portraits in the antique style, and now thickly hung with evergreens. The chief light proceeded from a vast *Yule* log, which lay glowing and flickering in a wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls, from seven to twelve years old; two stout little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of two chairs in attaching a bunch of flowers to the chandelier in the centre—taking advantage, as it seemed at the moment, while a girl about ten years of age was busily binding up the eyes of a young lady (the only grown person of the party) who was seated on a stool with her back towards the window, amidst the shouts of merry laughter.

I drew closer, and as soon as she rose to begin the game, I knew by the little white hand extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich black locks, and the dimpled chin, even though her eyes were covered, the person of beautiful Isabella Denham.

From an involuntary impulse, I tried the clasp of the window. It opened, and there I stood, within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight and eagerness upon my mistress. It required a pause of several minutes before I could summon courage to intrude upon this scene of innocent merriment. The little folks, the white skipping about in the fire-light like so many brownies, shouting with rapture; and Isabell bounded among them gracefully as though she had been Triton herself. She had little success in the game; mischievous crew, who seemed to take especial delight in pulling her curtsies, escaped from her hands, whenever she laid hold of any of her assailants. At last she came running toward my hiding place, with both hands outstretched, crying, "I am sure there is some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape as easily as he did the last time!"

How could I expect that her memory, to whom I had preferred direct claim, would survive the effects of absence, silence, and the audacities of others?

In the winter of 18— I returned to England. My difficulties, at last, were smoothed away; and away did I post to Yorkshire the moment I was free from importunities of agents and papers. As I have already hinted, of Sir George or his daughter I had not heard.

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first hat that I could find, and running down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow would allow me. "Show me Sir George Denham's," said I, to the old blue-bottle whom I met hurrying homeward, "At first I feared she would faint, so pale did she become; but the color directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow, and even neck were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand, smiling, but with eyes full of tears."

"I could not bear to leave you, sweet friend, without taking a kind farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning." She looked downwards, and I could see her lip quiver, but no answer.

"My lady! God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into this foreign place."

"Indeed! I had not heard of that accident; and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?"

"No, sir, the young people were all left in Leicestershire, when Sir George came abroad for his health."

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TELEGRAMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines) per line, one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .20
One square one year, .10
One square six months, .06
One square three months, .04
Half a square one year, .06
Half a square six months, .04
Half a square three months, .03
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Large advertisements to be agreed upon.

SPPECIAL NOTICES, *bound*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

** All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

Boston Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.

Stoneham—E. T. WHITFIELD.

Winchester—JONAH HOVEY.

Reading—L. L. TIDDE.

N. Y. PEPPERLILL & Co., Boston and New

York—H. N. LILES, (successor to W. B. Palmer),

Holliday's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly

empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL,

at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and it will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Jon Patriotic done at short notice, on reasonable terms and good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Key Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APR. 2, 1864

County Expenditures.

Previous to the last annual election quite a number of articles appeared in the Boston Post and some other papers, designed to alarm the people in regard to the expenditures of the public money in Middlesex County. The articles reflecting upon the County Commissioners were undoubtedly intended to have an effect upon the then pending election of County Commissioners. Of course these attacks received no attention from the Commissioners, and judging from the result of the election, as little from the people.

Now that the election has passed by, and the annual report of the Commissioners and County Treasurer appears, (which we published elsewhere in this paper) it may not be deemed out of place to call the attention of our people, who are ever watchful of public expenditures, to that report and a few facts in connection therewith. On examination it will be found that in the year 1848 the county debt was about forty thousand dollars. Since the year 1848 there has been expended

On Court House, Cambridge, \$100,000.00
House of Correction, Cambridge, 150,000.00
Court House, Concord, 30,000.00
Court House, Lowell, 100,000.00
New Jail Lowell, and buildings connected, 150,000.00

Making a total of, \$560,000.00

All this work has been done upon the principle that "what is worth doing is worth doing well," and probably no County in the Commonwealth can boast of more permanent and elegant public buildings. At the same time it must be remembered that those structures will answer all the wants of the county for the next half century with very slight annual expenditures. The Court House and Jail at Lowell, and indeed all this work, was decided upon before any of the present members of the board were elected.

By reference to the annual reports of the Commissioners and County Treasurer we find that the county debt at different dates was as follows:—

December 31st, 1861, \$310,777.09

December 31st, 1862, 289,141.25

December 31st, 1863, 260,677.20

Showing a reduction of fifty thousand one hundred and ninety-nine \$9.100 dollars during the last two years, with an annual assessment for county tax of about \$100s of one mill on the dollar. This has been the rate of taxation in our county for several years and it is as low, if not lower than that of any other county in the Commonwealth.

It appears that nearly all the public debt bears interest at the rate of five and a half per cent. From these facts and the report of the Commissioners and Treasurer let the people judge whether we have faithful public servants in charge of our affairs or no.

Caucus.—At the caucus held last evening, J. G. Pollard, Chairman, and Geo. H. Conn, Secretary, the following named persons were nominated for town officers:—

Moderator—W. T. Grammer.

Town Clerk—Nathan Wyman.

Town Treasurer—G. R. Gage.

Selectmen, Overseers of the Poor, Highway Surveyors and Assessors—S. O. Pollard, Elbridge Trull, Walter Wyman, A. E. Thompson, Wm. H. Harris, M. A. Tyler, E. E. Thompson, William Totman, L. G. Richardson.

School Committee—For 3 years, Rev. J. S. Kennard and J. Cummings, Jr.; 2 years, John Johnson and Stephen Nichols; 1 year, Rev. Mr. Barnes.

Library Committee—J. G. Pollard, E. J. Jenkins, F. P. Converse, J. H. Winn, Thomas Emerson.

Saxons—L. H. Allen.

Constables—J. D. Taylor and Edward Simonds.

Lectures.—The lecture announced to be delivered on Thursday evening by Rev. A. L. Stone, was postponed until Monday evening, April 4th. This was done by the Committee, in order that the Hall might be used for a war meeting.

Dividends.—The Woburn Bank has declared a dividend of five per cent. on the earnings of the past year, payable on and after the last instant. This is the highest dividend yet paid by this Bank.

Acknowledgment.

CAMP 39TH MASS. VOL. 1
March 23d, 1864.

Mr. E. E. THOMPSON.—Dear Sir—The tin pots of which you spoke of when you were visiting us, have come to hand, and the eager hands with which they were grasped, would have voted to extend to our friends at home a unanimous vote of thanks for the many favors they have bestowed upon us.

Be assured Sir, that such timely offerings are fully appreciated, coming as they do from those who have known us at home and remember us as soldiers.

I am very respectfully, yours, &c.,

LUKE R. TIDDE,

1st Lieut. Co. K, 39th Mass. Vol.

Medical Meeting.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society met on Wednesday evening, at the house of Dr. Ingalls, in Winchester. The occasion was one of unusual interest from the fact that it was the annual meeting, and also from the fact that it was the last time that the society would be entertained by their humane host. The attendance was large notwithstanding the unusual inclemency of the weather.

After the usual business Drs. Chapin, Stevens and Mansfield were appointed a committee to prepare suitable resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Dr. Benjamin Cutter.

Drs. E. Cutter, Drew and Toothaker were also appointed for a similar purpose in relation to Dr. John Nelson, lately deceased. The society then proceeded to the choice of officers and elected the following board to serve during the ensuing year:—

President—Dr. A. Chapin, Winchester.
Vice President—Dr. S. W. Drew, Woburn.
Secretary—Dr. E. Cutter, Woburn.

Censors—Hon. Dr. H. P. Wakefield, Reading.
Dr. J. M. Harlow, Woburn, Dr. E. Cutter, Woburn.

Councillors—Dr. A. Chapin, Dr. E. Cutter, Hon. Dr. H. P. Wakefield, Dr. J. M. Mansfield, Treasurer and Librarian—Hon. Dr. H. P. Wakefield.

Commissioner on Trials—Dr. A. Chapin.

Advertiser—Dr. Moses Parker, Melrose.

Commissioners on Periodicals—Drs. Chapin, Cutter, Wakefield.

The Committee appointed to prepare the resolutions in relation to the late Dr. Benjamin Cutter, through Dr. Chapin, made their report which was unanimously accepted and adopted, all standing in silence. They were as follows:—

Resolved, That by the death of Dr. Benjamin Cutter, late of Woburn, this society feels impelled in a special manner to bear testimony to the great loss which has been sustained. A large community have been deprived of an experienced, able and conscientious physician, a friend long and thoroughly proved; and a citizen of eminent usefulness—ever seeking earnestly the best good of the public, and exerting through his whole life an exemplary and heroic influence.

Resolved, That to his agency more than to any other, we recognize our indebtedness for the origin of our society and to his wise and persistent efforts, its shape, permanence and prosperity. In our personal intercourse we have ever found him eminently kind, courteous and conciliating, and we have had abundant evidence to judge him both skillful and able, and to accord to him a high position in our profession. Ever quiet and unobtrusive in his ways, he did not override their rights or privileges,—saw fit to take measures which would procure a suitable hearing for the use of the town, without any expenditure of the public money thereto. It is not to be presumed, let the decision of the town be what it may, that the question will be decided upon purely selfish grounds, but that the matter will be considered from that broader standpoint, which includes the best interests of every citizen.

Resolved, That we recognize our indebtedness to the town or Selectmen, that it was one of these minor offices which came under the jurisdiction of the Board, and that they have always since appointed a person as undertaker." * * * " There is no Statute law to prevent any citizen from acting as undertaker, did his fellow citizens choose to employ him. Unless you have an article in your By-Laws bearing upon this subject, the undertaker would have to furnish his own house." It will be seen by this that the Selectmen of Somerville have been in the habit of appointing an undertaker for their town, after being "perplexed for several years," and no question of lost rights, or uncalled for action, has been raised by the people of that place.

Resolved, That we cherish with respect the good our departed associate did his fellow creatures in the practice of his profession and in the advancement of the social and moral well-being of the community where he resided.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, also to the newspapers in Woburn, and to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for publication, and that they be transcribed in the records of our society.

The Committee appointed to perform a similar office in relation to the late Dr. John Nelson, also reported through Dr. E. Cutter, and their report was similarly accepted and adopted. They were as follows:—

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove by death our late associate and retired member, Dr. John Nelson, of Woburn, it is hereby

Resolved, That in his death we recognize our own mortality and the hand of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That we cherish with respect the good our departed associate did his fellow creatures in the practice of his profession and in the advancement of the social and moral well-being of the community where he resided.

Resolved, That we hereby express our appreciation of his many good qualities of heart, his genial disposition, and lively manners although weighed down by the infirmities of age.

Resolved, That we communicate these resolutions to his near relations, and to the public press as our last tribute of respect to his memory.

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WISTAR'S BALSAM
of
WILD CHERRY

Has been used for nearly

HALF A CENTURY!

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis,

Difficulty of Breathing,

Asthma, and every

other affection of

THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,

INCLUDING EVEN

CONSUMPTION!

THESE are scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escape, during the season from some one, however slightly disguised, of the above symptoms — a nose-ache, a sore throat, the last named, and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the Cherry Tree over this class of complaints, is well known; so great is the power, that it has performed its great work, and has acquired a name.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, it contains large amounts of like value, thus increasing its value and, forming a remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

From R. FELLOWS, M. D.

BILL, N. H., Nov. 3, 1860.

S. W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, manufacturers of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, a great objective treatment medicine. I can say in justice to Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, that it is a remedy of the first importance, and has made use of the preparation for several years, and it has proved to be very reliable and efficient in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs.

I know of one patient, now in the care of a medical friend, who has taken this remedy, and who, but for its use, I consider would not now be living.

R. FELLOWS, M. D.

NOTHING is more common, general and destructive to its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no ingredient of any value, except that it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsams and herbs with the purest and mildest of all the finest stimulants.

It is a remedy against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human agency against medicines engendered by an external cause, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is well known.

In a district infested with *Fevers and Agues*, it has been found to be a preventive and body-tonic, and it has proved to be very reliable and efficient in the treatment of severe and long-standing coughs.

I know of one patient, now in the care of a medical friend, who has taken this remedy, and who, but for its use, I consider would not now be living.

E. T. QUINBY.

From the *Doctor Master of South Royalton Mass.*

SOUTH ROYALTON, Jan. 4th, 1860.

Moore, SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, — with the spirit of the time, I was most anxious to find a remedy for the removal of accumulations of sligher sweat, completely prostrating my nervous system, and producing such a debilitated state of health, that after trying almost all the known remedies, I was compelled to give up the use of all forms of exercise, as far as covering, as fatal to my system. At this stage of matters I was prevailed upon to try WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and I can truly say, that it has entirely removed all the symptoms of the disease, as far as my system.

At this stage of the disease, it has been arranged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by a course of the medicine, to the return of the complexion may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produces effects of a mild, but decided, and will almost entirely remove the disease, and hence it works wonders in cases of DYSPEPSIA, and in less confirmed forms of INFLAMMATION.

As a preventive and curative medicine, and upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTITUTION, superinduced by irregular action of the bowels.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Spirits and fits of Fugue, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. This point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The money of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by a course of the medicine, to the return of the complexion may be prevented.

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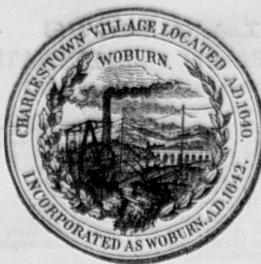
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NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS.

OWNERS AND KEEPERS OF DOGS. Within the limits of the Town of Woburn, are hereby notified that all Licenses for Dogs expire on the 30th of April, A. D. 1864, and that said day is the day on or before the SEVENTH DAY OF MAY, as the Licenses will be returned to the Constables and Police officers at that date.

Holiday for Male Dogs according to the By-Laws of the Town, are Two dollars; for Female Dogs, Six dollars.

N. WYMAN, Town Clerk of Woburn.

SELECTMEN'S ROOM, Woburn, April 7, 1864.

To the Police Officers and Constables of Woburn.—

The following is from the By-Laws of Woburn.—

ART. 1. VIII.—Sec. 1.—Every owner or keeper of a dog shall annually, on or before the thirtieth day of April, cause it to be registered, numbered, described, and licensed for one year, numbered, described, and licensed for one year, by the Constable, or the Assessor of the Town, Clerk, and shall cause it to wear around its neck a collar distinctly marked with the owner's name and registered number, and shall pay to the Constable a sum of money for a male dog, and six dollars for a female dog.

Sec. 2.—Whoever keeps a dog contrary to the provisions of the preceding section, shall forfeit the sum of one dollar to the Town, and be liable to the use of the Town.

Sec. 3.—This Rule shall take effect from and after the 1st day of April, 1864.

The Police Officers and Constables of this town are hereby ordered by us to strictly enforce the above By-Laws, and to kill or cause to be destroyed all dogs going at large, and to seize and impound all dogs found in violation of Chap. 88, Section 28 and 66 of the General Statutes of Massachusetts.

ELDRIDGE TRULL, Selectmen
A. E. THOMPSON, L. G. RICHARDSON,
MOSSES A. TYLER, WALTER WYMAN,
WILLIAM TOTMAN, E. E. THOMPSON,
WILLIAM B. HARRIS, W. O. POLLARD, J.
Woburn, SAMUEL O. POLLARD, J.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE.

SELECTMEN'S OFFICE, Woburn, April 4, 1864.

The Regular Monthly meetings of the Board of Selectmen, will be held on the FIRST THURSDAY of each month, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

It is requested that all bills presented against the town will be made on paper as large as a half sheet of letter paper, for convenience in filing.

A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Organization of Board of Selectmen.

Selectmen's Office, Woburn, April 4, 1864.

CHAIRMAN—Elbridge Trull.

CLERK—A. E. Thompson.

Standing Committees.

ROADS AND HIGHWAYS.

E. E. THOMPSON, William B. Harris, William Totman, Walter Wyman.

MILITARY:

A. E. Thompson, E. E. Thompson, M. A. Tyler.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR:

Elbridge Trull, L. G. Richardson, E. E. Thompson, William B. Harris, William Totman.

FINANCE:

Elbridge Trull, L. G. Richardson, A. E. Thompson.

ASSESSORS:

L. G. Richardson, E. E. Thompson, S. O. Pollard, A. E. Thompson, M. A. Tyler.

Treasurer's Notice.

The Treasurer of the Town of Woburn hereby gives notice that all bills approved by the Board of Selectmen, will be paid at his office on the FRIDAY EVENING, following the meeting of the Board.

GAWIN R. GAGE, Treasurer.

Woburn, April 8th, 1864.

Hottester's Bitters.

Have received the warmest encomiums from the principal people throughout the Union, as a valuable tonic, as the best of Druggists. Flatulence, Constipation, and general nervous debility, it cannot be approached. Every day new cases of its great effect are daily made known to the public journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment to which the afflicted experience when using this valuable specific. Its mild tone, its action on the heart, the liver, the lungs, the stomach, and the cleansing of the entire human body should recommend it to all classes of our community. See Advertisement.

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

Married

In Georgetown, March 15, by Rev. James Burt, Mr. Zephron A. Byron, of the 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, to Miss Kate S. Spofford, of Georgetown, formerly of South Reading.

Died

In Woburn, April 8th, Charlotte A. Courtney, Aged 57 years, 17 days.

In North Woburn, April 3, Miss Emily George, aged 74 years.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, April 9, 1864.

Ahern, Thomas, Colbert, Bridget Calisher, John, Gilson Jerome Harich, Mary Mrs. Nixon, George O. Quimby, E. T. Whiting, Mary E. Mail closes at 7 A. M., and 12:30 P. M. NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WOBURN, March 23, 1864.

COURT OF INSOLVENCY.

BEFORE the Hon. Wm. A. Richardson, Judge of Probate and Insolvent, in and for the County of Middlesex. The Third Meeting of Creditors of

PATRICK CALNAN, of Woburn,

An insolvent Debtor, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, at the Insolvency Court Room, in Cambridge, on the 21st day of April next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time Creditors may present their claims. The accounts of the Assigned will be presented at this Meeting, and Creditors may appear and object to the allowance thereof.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Assignee.

WYMAN'S

AMBROTYPIC, MELAINOTYPIC, AND

Daguerreotype Rooms,

MELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

Particular attention given to copying pictures.

Receipts and Expenditures
OF THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,
FOR THE
YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1863.

RECEIPTS.

Cash in Treasury Jan. 1, 1863, \$15,615.40

From County Tax for 1862, balance, 25,943.32

1863, in part, 39,335.02

Temporary Loans, 37,000.00

Costs and Fines in Criminal Prosecutions, 50

Rent of Court House at Concord, 102.50

Petitions for Highways not granted, 49.36

Clerk of Courts, balance of fees, 1,269.52

Total, \$157,952.62

EXPENDITURES.

For County Debt, \$14,500.00

Interest on County Debt and Temp. Loans, 37,000.00

Interest on County Debt and Temp. Loans, 18,665.21

Costs in Criminal Prosecutions, 24,740.55

Support of Prisoners in Jails and House of Correction, 17,718.07

Salaries of County Officers, 10,014.27

Jurors in the several Courts, 5,045.22

Fuel and Lights for County Buildings, 7,386.99

Repairs of County Buildings, Furniture, &c., 2,954.41

Officers of Courts and care of Court Houses, 2,817.67

Law and Record Books, Blanks and Stationery, 1,285.15

Copying of Records and making Indexes, 1,077.00

Inquests on Dead Bodies, 1,625.60

Cash in Treasury Dec. 31, 1863, 11,157.82

Total, \$157,952.62

NEW STOCK
OF
ROOM PAPER!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF
NEW PATTERNS,

of the above, has just been received from New York, at the

Woburn Bookstore,

and will be sold very low. Also, BORDERING
variety, and Paper for Curtains and Side Lights.

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Miscellaneous.

There are two ways to live on Earth.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth—
Two ways to judge, to act, to view;
For all things here have double birth—
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small—
Where every lip in fond-speech speaks,
And every mind hath care for all.

Where inmates live in glad exchange—
Of pleasure, free from vain expenses—
Whose thoughts beyond their means never range,
Nor wise denials give offence,

Who in a neighbor's fortune find—
No wish, no impulse, to complain—
Who feel not, never felt, the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide—
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
Nor failed power, that shuns the streets.

Though fate denys its glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that gold can purchase more
Are gauds it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, whereso'er they go,
Find naught to please, or to exalt—
Their constant study but to mourn—
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants and daily care,
Can yet pull flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share!

Oh! happy they who happy make—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest;
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive in all things for the best!

WANTED TO SEE.—Some feathers from the
right wing of Gen. Meade's army.

A night-cap that will fit the head of the
Mississippi river.

The sieve through which the man strained
every nerve.

A feather from the wing of a dog that flew
at the burglar.

The broom with which the storm swept
over the sea.

The saucer into which the cup of misery
overflowed.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of
Justice.

A remedy to cure deafness in the ears of
sorn.

The match which kindled the fire of love.

A lock of hair from the head of a discourse.

A few of the tears of the weeping willow.

A few copper coins from the change of time.

A coffin that will bury the Dead Sea.

A curl from the lead of a cabbage.

A flower from the garland of fame.

A bucket of water from All's Well.

A pillow from the bed of the ocean.

A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.

The animal that drew the inference.

The table which was set in a roar.

The chair in which the sun sets.

The bed from which the moon rises.

An egg from a nest of thieves.

A garment for the naked eye.

A chip from the North Pole.

Innocence is a meek child, but often
migher than any giant.

The mind, like the sea, is generally most
phosphorescent when most agitated.

Always heed a baby's cries. They are the
poor little fellow's only signals of distress.

To be observed, when observation is not
sympathetic, is just to be tortured.

The tears of affection are dew-drops from
the blue sky of the soul.

Sorrow can never wholly fill the heart that
is occupied with others' welfare. Constant
melancholy is rebellion.

If you would pass for more than your
value, say little. It is easier to look wise than
to talk wise.

Truly great men never become vulgarly in-
sensitive with each other. They sit apart as
the gods, talking from peak to peak all round.

A VENITABLE ANTIQUE.—The oldest news-
paper in the world is published in Pekin. It is
printed on a large sheet of silk, and it is
said, has made a weekly appearance for up-
wards of a thousand years.

“Ma,” said the pride of the family,
an urchin who had seen some seven sum-
mers, “do you know why our tom-eat is like
a poet? Ma didn’t.” “Why,” explained the
precious pet, “doesn’t she go out moon-
light nights and invoke the names?”

ADMIRAL Dahlgren is an iron-side Bap-
tist.—Exchange.

We suppose, then, Gen. Gilmore is a hard-
shell.—Another Exchange.

THE woman who made a pound of
butter from the cream of a joke, and a
cheese from the milk of human kindness, has
since washed the “close” of a year and hung
them to dry on a bee line.

When you advertise your business,
make no half way work of it. Business is
like architecture—good columns are a good
support.

THE only chance for some men's hats
ever to contain anything valuable is to pass
them round for pennies.

SAY what is right, and let others say
what they please. You are responsible for
only one tongue; even if you are a married
man.

GALLIGNANI says that England consumes
1,000,000 pounds of ivory annually, or the
product of 8,333 elephants. About 4000 men
are annually killed in the elephant hunts.

AN exchange says that very soon peo-
ple of moderate means will be unable to tell
on which side their bread is buttered.

THE HORACE WATERS

Modern Improved Overstrung Bassa.

FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS

Are justly pronounced by the press and Mount
Mackay, the best and most eminent. They are
made of the best and most thoroughly seasoned
materials and will stand any climate. The tone is
very deep, round, full and mellow; the touch clas-
sic and unequalled for three years. Prices
from \$175 to \$700.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The HORACE WATERS
PIANOS are known as among the very best.
We are enabled to speak of these instruments with
some degree of confidence, from personal knowl-
edge of their excellent tone and durable quality.

We can speak of the merits of the HORACE WATERS
PIANOS from personal knowledge, as being of
the very best quality.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Those inmates live in glad exchange—
Of pleasure, free from vain expenses—
Whose thoughts beyond their means never
range, Nor wise denials give offence,

Who in a neighbor's fortune find—
No wish, no impulse, to complain—
Who feel not, never felt, the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

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Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that gold can purchase more
Are gauds it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, whereso'er they go,
Find naught to please, or to exalt—
Their constant study but to mourn—
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

The Day School Bell.

A new Singing Book for Day Schools, called the
Day School Bell, is now ready. It contains about
200 choice songs, round, catches, duets, trios,
trios and quartets, all well arranged, and
expressly for the work, besides 22 pages of the Ele-
ments of Music. The Elements are so easy and
interesting that even the youngest scholars will
be entirely successful in instructing every young
scholar to sing correctly and scientifically; while
the tunes are well embraced in a variety of
life, action and sentiment, and are suitable for
all occasions. The Day School Bell is a
most valuable discount to Clergymen, Churches,
Sabbath Schools, Lodges, Seminaries, and Teach-
ers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII : No. 29.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Relieving Guard—March 4th, 1864.

BY FRANK BREE HART.

Came the Relief. "What, sentry, ho !
How passed the night through thy long
waking ?"

"Gold, cheerful, dark—as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing,
Save

The plow from the marshes calling :
And in yon Western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star?" There's nothing strange in that."
"No; nothing; but, above the thicket
Somewhat it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a jester!"

—San Francisco Bulletin.

Select Literature.

ON FIRE.

The recent terrible catastrophe in Santiago
recall vividly to my mind one of the most
extraordinary adventures of my chequered
life.

Five-and-twenty years ago, I was captain
of the "Northern Light," a large schooner
trading between Hull and St. Petersburg. A
long acquaintance with the vicissitudes of the
Russian climate had made me somewhat
queekless. The consequence was that one 30th
of October I found my vessel tight locked in
ice. I had staid a week too long in my
caves to obtain a full cargo of timber, and
was justly punished for my temerity; a pris-
oner till the middle or end of April, far away
from my friends, and doing what a livery
stable-keeper would call "eating my own
lead off."

Being, however, of a sanguine tempera-
ment, and having no wife at home to be anxi-
ous about, I resolved to make the best of it
and enjoy myself as well as I could. I saw
the sights of St. Petersburg, from Peter
the Great's wooden house down to the Mam-
moth. I visited Moscow. I went bear hunt-
ing. I drew out in sledges. I fell in love
and fell out again. Nor did I neglect busi-
ness. I frequently attended the Exchange,
and made myself known to the chief tallow,
hemp, and timber merchants. I studied the
Russian commerce. I arranged cargoes for
two years to come. The Anglo-Russians are
very hospitable, and, thanks to the kindness of
Mr. Anderson, the English banker, my hotel
expenses were very small. My fur
coats were my chief expense; they cost me
a large sum then; but I reckoned they would
last me my life, and so they have—at least I
wrote them to this day.

Nevertheless, I pined for the hour of lib-
erty. An idle life did not suit a man of my
temperament—one who had been to sea ever
since he was twelve years old. Like all sail-
ors, I was always grumbling against the sea,
and yet, I was never happy away from it. At
last the order of my release came. The ice of
the Neva, opposite to the Custom house, es-
pecially, began to melt into thin bars, an inch
or so wide. It became dangerous to venture
upon it, except where it was piled with snow.
The ice slabs on the quay began to break,
when I pushed them with my stick, into glassy fragments. Here and there some
spikes began to open, and dirty brown snow
water pooled on the surface. There had been
several warm days, but now rain and wind
came, and they soon melted the walls of my
crystal prison. Sledges still ventured upon the
Neva, though the waters rose to the horses'
knives.

The morning, when I looked out of my
window on the ground floor at Mrs. Benson's,
on the English quay, the water had all gone
from the ice; that was the well-known sign
that the ice had become too porous and
spongy to hold water, and in a few hours
would break away from the banks and begin
to float seaward.

I had just sat down to breakfast, when a
thunder peal of cannon broke from the fort-
ress.

"What is that, Miss Benson?" I said to
our hostess at the head of the table.

"That," she replied, "is the signal that
the commander of the citadel with his officers
is crossing the river, to present the Emperor,
at the Winter Palace, with a goblet of Neva
water in token of the return of spring. The
Emperor will give him back the cup filled
with ducats."

"Hurrah!" I cried: "then hey for Old
England!"

It took me some days to get the ship off,
for it was tedious going backward and for-
ward to Cronstadt.

During my forced stay in that vicinity oc-
curred what is denominated as the Butter
week, viz: that seven days' feast which pre-
cedes Lent, and is followed by the rejoicing
of Easter. In the intervals of business, as I
went to and fro to my agent's, I amused my-
self with observing the revelry of this great
Russian festival.

There were thousands of peasants devor-
ing blini (pancakes), and caviare, honey-
cake, and nuts. There were swings, see-
saws and roundabouts. The great square of
the admiralty was the chief scene of the
amusements. Close to the Winter Palace the
War Office, and the Senate House, there were
scores of temporary theatres, and long lines
of ig mountains, down which the sledges
kept rushing incessantly, amid the shouts
of the good natured, but wild looking pea-

nts. At the doors of the theatres stood the
tea-sellers, with huge brazen samovars smok-
ing in the centre of their tables, and sur-
rounded by countless teapots. The shop-
keepers themselves in fur caps and gloves,
stood by their stalls, stamping, and clapping
their hands, and shouting: "Gentlemen, will
you please to take a glass of warm tea, with
lemon or cream? How will you take the
sugar?" (for a true Russian keeps his sugar
in his mouth, and does not put it into his
tea-cup.) The Admiralty square was strewn
with nut shells; here and there a drunken
bear of a peasant, a mere reclining bundle of
greasy sheepskins, jostled against me, and
then, with the simple-hearted politeness of
his race, took off hat, and hiccuped out:—
"Pardon me, my little father, but remember
it is Butter week."

One day I sailed out into the great square
about noon to see the grandees of the capital
drive through the fair, and I never saw such
a sight. The line was guarded by mounted
gendarmerie, dressed like lancers, and wearing
light blue uniforms and brown epaulettes.—
There were Chinese, Turks, Germans, English-
men, Russian princes, priests, soldiers,
bearded merchants and their portly wives,
Circassian officers, colonels of the body-
guard in their eagle-crowned helmets, and
serfs, in a long procession of carriages, which
beginning at the rock on which Peter the
Great's statue stands, reached the base of the
great granite column of Alexander, facing the
enormous pile of the Winter Palace.

Tired at last of the procession, I turned
aside to one of the largest of the wooden
theatres. A clash of music from within an-
nounced the commencement of a new per-
formance; joining the torrent of people, old
and young, rich and poor, who were jostling
for admittance, I at last made my way to the
pay-place, where a mob of clamorous mon-
archs were thrusting out their hands with the ad-
mittance money, in childish impatience.

I drew back to make way for a respectable
old grey-bearded merchant and his pretty
daughter, who, muffled up in a cloak trimmed
with the fur of the silver fox, clung to his
arm, and shrank back from the rough, gesticu-
lating crowd. I thought I had never seen
so charming a girl, so tender in manner, so
gentle and spring-like in beauty. The mer-
chant and his daughter thanked me in broken
English for my politeness, paid their money,
and passed in.

I followed rapidly, but a crowd of peasants
thrust themselves in before me, so that when
I took my seat I could obtain no glimpse of
the merchant or his pretty daughter.

The wooden theatre of the Kathieli was an
enormous building, built, as a peasant next
to me said, to hold five thousand persons.—
It had large galleries, balconies, and Corin-
thian pillars, hung with cheap drapery, and
gay with red and blue paint. A vast chan-
delier lighted up the tent-like interior.

The theatre was already full when I entered,
so that I had to content myself with a
back seat in an upper box, not far from one
of the stirrups—as I soon found out by the
keen-edged iced draught. I amused myself
while the overture was playing, with the
motley group before me. The Tartar faces,
only partially reclaimed from barbarism,
were worth studying now that they beamed
with fun. The little oblique eyes glistened
with enjoyment, the great tangled heads rolled
about in ecstasy. Here and there, the eye
fell on a Circassian or Polish face, with large
fine eyes, and almost a Greek contour.—
Every now and then, a group of grave portly
merchants in furred caffans and boots, mingled
with the serfs, but with an ominous re-
serve that they did so under protest. Their
children, also dressed in caffans and boots,
were exactly like themselves, all but the
beards. Nor was there any lack of women
of the lower orders; rough, honest, Irish-
looking women, few of them in bonnets, most
of them with their heads bound round with
colored handkerchiefs.

I hesitated a moment whether to re-
main where I was and meet death, or to
breast the human whirlpool below. At that
moment a surge of flame ran along the ledge
of the next box to me, blackening and blis-
tering as it went. The heat grew intense.
I determined to make one struggle for my
life. I ran to the head of the stairs and
looked down. There, the herd of screaming
shouting people fought with hands and feet in
a horrible tangle of life and death.

I gave myself up as lost, when a hand
seized my coat. It was the old housekeeper,
screaming her entreaties to me to save her.
I told her to cling to me and I would do
what I could. It gave me courage to think I
was struggling for some one besides myself.
She kneeled and prayed to God for us both.

I had placed myself at the edge of the
crowd in order to husband my strength for a
last effort. One thing I determined, and that
was that I would not save myself by tread-
ing poor women and children under foot.
Rather than that, I would let the fire burn
me slowly, or I would recommend my soul
to God, throw myself into the crater behind
me, and so die quickly. One agonizing
thought alone shot through my heart, and
that was a thought for the tender girl I had
seen so innocent and happy half an hour be-
fore.

Suddenly, as I stood there like a dive
hesitating before he plunges, a peasant,
scorched and burnt, dashed past me from the
crowd that had tramped upon him, and
staggering forward, hisif stilled with smoke,
fell face downward dead at my feet. His
axe, as usual with the peasants, was thrust
in his belt behind. A sudden thought of
self-preservation, surely sent straight from
Heaven, flashed through my brain. I stopped
and drew out the axe.

"Make way there, or I cut down the first

shouted, laughed, and encored everything.—
A display of fireworks was to follow, and
then a short farce.

Between the acts, I tried the little Russian
I knew, and asked the old woman, who had
turned round, and offered me some honey-
cakes, "how she liked it?"

"My little father," she said, quite seriously,
"it is the most wonderful thing I have
ever seen since I saw those accursed French
acts at Moscow, in Napoleon's time."

Suddenly all the clatter and laughter died
away. The curtain had not risen, but a faint
light was shining behind it. It was the com-
mencement of the pyrotechnic display, and I
was curious to see what the Russians could
do in these matters. The first scene was to
be the illumination of the Kremlin at the
coronation of the Emperor Alexander the
First. Probably that was only the prepara-
tion, for though the red light widened and
glowed, the curtain, strange enough, did not
rise.

The people stamped and shouted. All at
once, the bajazzo, (the clown,) in his white
dress ran forward, pale as death, his eyes
staring, his hands tossing about like those of
a madman. "We are on fire!" he shouted.
"Save yourselves, who can!"

"Bravo, Ferrari!" cried the peasants, with
roars of laughter. "Excellent! Viva, Fer-
rari! Bravo, Ferrari!"

The clown fled from the stage, as it seemed,
in an agony of feigned fear. The laughter
redoubled. A man in evening dress rushed
forward, and waved his hand to some men
who were not visible to the audience. The
curtain rose swiftly at that ominous signal,
and disclosed, to my horror, a rolling mass
of fire and crimson smoke. Already the
flames had caught fire, and were hanging in
blazing streamers. Fire rose from below,
fire gleamed from above, fire darted its quick
tongues from either side. The theatre was on
fire.

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once, the bajazzo, (the clown,) in his white
dress ran forward, pale as death, his eyes
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The clown fled from the stage, as it seemed,
in an agony of feigned fear. The laughter
redoubled. A man in evening dress rushed
forward, and waved his hand to some men
who were not visible to the audience. The
curtain rose swiftly at that ominous signal,
and disclosed, to my horror, a rolling mass
of fire and crimson smoke. Already the
flames had caught fire, and were hanging in
blazing streamers. Fire rose from below,
fire gleamed from above, fire darted its quick
tongues from either side. The theatre was on
fire.

The official returns set down the number of
the dead as three hundred; but my agent
told me that while he himself stood there,
he counted fifty wagons pass, each laden with
from ten to fifteen corpses; and many people
had made a much higher estimate.

I need not say much about my visit to the
palace; suffice it to mention that the em-
peror rewarded me with an order that I highly
prized. On the same day the priests offered
up public prayers for the souls of the sufferers,
on the site of the burnt theatre. It was a
solemn spectacle, and as I rose from those
prayers, full of gratitude to God for my de-
liverance, a rough hand grasped mine.

It was the merchant whose daughter I had
saved. Tears streamed from his eyes, as he
embraced me and kissed my forehead and
cheek after the Oriental fashion of his nation.

"My little father," said he, "I would
rather have found thee than have cleared a
thousand red doublets. Little Catherine,
whom you saved, has been praying for you
ever since. Come, you must dine with us.
I will take no denial, for do I not owe you
more than my life? Come, a drosky there
—quick to the Fontanka; Catherine will
leap for joy when she sees you."

That visit was an eventful one to me, for
it was the first voyage from that date, I married
Catherine Maslovitch, and a loving and
devoted wife I found her. She is kissing my
cheek, as I pen these words.

But it is not dwell upon my own per-
sonal good fortune and happiness, that I
have written this plain remembrance. It is
that I may do what little I can to impress
upon those who may read it, that a rush
from any building on fire is certain to be
fatal, but that an orderly departure from it
is certain deliverance. The Theatre, Con-
cert-room, Church or Chapel, does not exist,
as far as I have seen, that will not be
able to withstand a fire if it is properly
constructed. The deacon, saw
where the shaft was aimed, or where it should
be aimed, and rising once more, leaned over
his pew to the square, whom he tapped on the
shoulder, and thus addressed him: "Come,
square, why don't you stand up? I did when
he called on me."

A Chicago paper invents a new title
for our soldiers. Announcing the arrival
of Wisconsin recruits, it calls them "more re-
bellion crushers."

of them had the manhood to stand at the
altar, his place of authority, where he could
be seen on a platform made to render him
conspicuous, and whence his directions would
have been issued at an immense advantage.

Again, the assemblage consisted of women and
children in light inflammable dresses. Again,
the show was lighted by lamps of paraffine
dangled by strings from the roof above
people's heads, which dropped upon them,
so many overturned pots of liquid fire, as
the strings burned. But under these specially
disastrous conditions, great numbers would
have been saved, but for the mad rush at the
door which instantly closed it. Suppose that
rush not to have been made, suppose the
door wide open, suppose a priest with the
soul of a man in him to have stood on the
altar steps, passing the people at that end of
the church, out of the priestly door, (of
which we hear nothing, and which the last
of those quick fugitives perhaps shut after him.)
A half dozen men capable of self-control,
might have saved as many lives, by urging this
on a crowd at the critical moment, and by saying,
"We will go last!"—*English Magazine.*

For the Middlesex Journal.

Old Boots and Shoes.

BY HOPLITE.

As within the limits of an apartment each
article possesses some musical tone which
breathes in unison with corresponding chords
that may be produced by some instrument,
and reciprocally those articles when struck
elicit a corresponding tone from the instru-
ment, so in human life circumstances, persons,
objects, cause a vibration of the cor-
responding chords among the heart's emotions.
All things whether material or other-
wise have a music which awaits only an
awakening touch. With individuals the
awakened, constitutes their measure of joy or
of sorrow. How luckless they whose life
plots in daily round of discord and un-
tunate living. From their existence is with-
held all harmony, which is happiness, all
soul awakening, which redeemeath man from
the punishment of original sin. On the other
hand they, who have found the corresponding
tones without, which waken within life's
finest music, have obtained the nearest ap-
proach to the fruition of immortality possible
below the skies.

Not only persons and circumstances, but
also simple objects awaken emotions of various
quality and tendency. All know how the
heart is stirred by the sight of familiar home
objects seen after a period of separation.
Thus only in an inferior degree is it with
other objects from the favorite haunts of
former days down to worn and discarded pieces
of wearing apparel. There seems not much
of interest or of poetry in a pair of old boots
or shoes, and yet setting before us those last
retired from active service what memories
may they not arouse. How rejoiced we
looked upon their new and shining surface
reflecting that at least for a certain period
in the future we were to be protected in our
understanding. They seemed a vast capital
in leather better to possess than cash, but as
they began rather pointedly to remind us of
the fact that they were new some doubts
arose as to our actual excess of good fortune.
That there be as many miseries be-
sides riches as on this side them." And yet
God deliver us from pinching poverty: and
grant that, having a competency, we may be
content and thankful. Let us not repine or
so much as think the gifts of God unequally
dealt, if we see another abound in riches
when as God knows, the cares that are
the keys that keep those riches hang often so
heavily on the rich man's girdle, that they
clog him with weary days and restless nights,
even when others sleep quietly. We see but
the outside of the rich man's happiness; few
consider him to be like the silkworm, that
when she seems to play, is, at the very same
time, spinning her own bowels and consum-
ing herself; and this many rich men do, load-
ing themselves with corrodies, to keep
what they have, probably, unconsciously got.
Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and
a competence; and above all for a quiet con-
science."

As HONEST DEACON.—Deacon N. was an
honest old dodger, a kind neighbor, and a
good Christian, believing in the Presbyterian
creed to the fullest extent; but, lackaday! the
deacon would occasionally get exceeding
"mellow," and almost every Sunday, at
dinner, he would indulge in his favorite cider
brandy to such an extent that it was with
difficulty that

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TEN-\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion,	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,	.25
One square one year,	1.00
One square six months,	.60
One square three months,	.40
Half a square one year,	.60
Half a square six months,	.40
Less than half a square charged as a square;	.30
Less than half a square charged as a square;	.25
Large advertisements as may be agreed upon.	

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted, 10 cents per line, for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

By All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—J. MANSFIELD.
Winchester—T. W. COOPER.
Winchester—JOHN HOVEY.
Reading—L. E. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York. S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) 50 Cornhill, Court street, Boston, are duly authorized to take advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns throughout the Commonwealth, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of Job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the proofs of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APR. 16, 1864

Installation of Rev. Eli Fay.

The installation of Rev. Eli Fay as pastor of the First Unitarian Society in Woburn, took place on Thursday evening. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the pulpit was neatly decorated with choice flowers. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was beautifully rendered, and gratified all present. The services, which were of a highly intellectual character, were as follows:

I. Voluntary on the Organ. II. Anthem by the Choir. III. Invocation, by Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Medford. IV. Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Samuel A. Smith, of West Cambridge. V. Hymn.

Mark the soft-falling snow!
And the diffusive rain!
To heaven from whence it fell
It turns not back again;
But waters earth And calls forth all
Through every pore, Her secret store.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;

Millions of souls And bear it down
Shall feel its power, To millions more."

VI. Sermon, by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. of Cambridge. VII. Prayer of Installation, by Rev. William F. Tilden, of Boston. VIII. Charge, by Rev. Thomas Hill, D. of Harvard University. IX. Hymn.—(Original.)

To our pastor, teacher, friend,
We give a hearty welcome now,
Our earnest prayer shall here ascend
That God may ratify our vow.

Into our sacred temple come,
And speak the words of truth and love;
Teach us the way of sin to shun,
And raise our thoughts to things above.

Our hearts and homes we open wide;
Our children offer to thy care;
Be thou to all a faithful guide,
And think of us in daily prayer.

When worldly thoughts our souls oppress,
When pride shall tempt or want annoy;
Sickness or death bring deep distress;
Transient and poor seem earthly joy;

Then speak to us the needed word,
Our love reclaim, our spirits heal;
Then bring the promise of the Lord,
And to our souls His love reveal.

O God! our fervent prayer receive!
Anoint our minister anew!

Help him to preach, and us to live,
With life, and death and heaven in view!

X. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Edward J. Young, of Newton. XI. Address to the people, by Rev. Thomas J. Munsford, of Dorchester. XII. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. James Salloway, of Billerica. XIII. Anthem, by the Choir. XIV. Benediction, by the Pastor.

BUSY BATHS.—A petition, addressed to the Legislature, was in circulation in town for signatures this week, asking that body to pass a law empowering towns and cities to establish public baths. The establishment of public baths would prove a great convenience and benefit to many. Cleanliness is the great promoter of health, and will, when accompanied by temperance in all things, do more than all else to improve the sanitary condition of the community. It is more than likely that we will have, next summer, in Woburn, suitable baths for the accommodation of those who wish to avail themselves of their use. It is impossible to furnish families who occupy not more than two rooms, and perhaps only one, to do justice to their bodily wants. To such these baths will be a blessing in more respects than one.

WAR MEETINGS.—War meetings were held in Lyceum Hall on Saturday and Wednesday evenings last. At the former Hon. N. B. Bryant made an address, and at the latter C. W. Slack, and C. C. Woodman, Esq. The following recruits have been obtained since Saturday:—John Merritt, Charles Beggs, John Hogan, O. S. Warland, James Burns, W. S. Wilson, Joseph Tweed, Geo. M. Tay, and Caleb Moulton (in navy). We probably need five men to fill our quota.

The draft has been postponed to June 1.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.—We have received from the publishers, Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, a copy of this work. The author, William M. Thayer, here gives to the youth of the land, a history of the rebellion now going on, which is at once instructive and entertaining. He links together in the most enticing form all the important events that transpired between the opening of the contest at Sumter and the capture of Roanoke Island by General Burnside. It has been his especial aim to adapt this work to general family use, by giving the substance of the more voluminous histories at about one-fourth the price. The facts related are historically correct and therefore can be relied upon, as many of the incidents are related from personal experience. The volume can be procured for \$1.25.

JOHN D. GOUGH'S LECTURE.—The lecture delivered by this gentleman on Tuesday evening, was the most entertaining of the course. To attempt to give anything like a correct report of it, such a one as the public could understand, would be folly, because to appreciate Mr. Gough's lectures, they must be heard and he seen—nothing else can suffice. A story which at first seems spiritless, gains much in interest when told by him, so great is his dramatic power. On the 31st of May, he will deliver another lecture in Woburn. Subject—"Eloquence and Orators."

PROFESSIONAL.—In another part of this paper can be found the card of J. M. Grosvenor, M. D., who has taken up his residence in Woburn, for the purpose of practising his profession. Dr. Grosvenor has served in the army and comes to us highly recommended; his father is a physician of much talent and experience. Dr. G. is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and has received from the professors in that institution the highest commendations.

NEW TOWN.—A bill is now before the Legislature for the purpose of uniting the towns of Amesbury and Salisbury, in Essex County, under the name of Merrimac. This was the name under which the charter was granted in 1638, but which was subsequently changed to Salisbury.

THE BARKER FAMILY.—This talented band of singers give a concert in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, this (Saturday) evening. Their reputation is of a high order and all who attend may expect to be well pleased. Two pasionatas, one of the Revolution, and the other of the present war, will be exhibited in connection with the concert.

APPOINTMENTS.—The Selectmen have appointed John Johnson, Joseph Kelley, A. J. Parker, L. G. Richardson, E. E. Thompson, Herbert Wyman, and A. L. Richardson, Surveyors of Wood, Lumber and Bark; and Elbridge Trull, Examiner of Charcoal Baskets.

MR. CLARK'S CONCERT takes place on Monday evening next, in the Vestry of the First Cong. Church. The pieces to be performed have been selected with great care, and cannot fail to please the lovers of the beautiful in music.

FIRE.—The Boston Herald office was badly damaged by fire, yesterday afternoon. The fire broke out in the press-room and extended to the composing room. Loss, about \$20,000, principally covered by insurance. The Herald will not be published to-day.

Clerical.—Rev. Nathan D. George, of Lynn, a supernumerary, has been selected to fill the Methodist pulpit in this town.

PATENTS.—Stephen M. Allen, of Woburn, has received a patent for new manufacture for hemps, flax, &c.

Joseph Grundy, of Stoneham, for improvement in faucets.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.—A Social Assembly will take place at Webster Hall, No. Woburn, on Wednesday evening, April 20. Full arrangements have been made for a pleasant time.

ROOM PAPER.—Call and examine the large and choice variety of new patterns of Room Paper recently received at the Woburn Book-store.

PROMOTED.—Second Lieut. L. F. Wyman, of the 30th, has been promoted to First Lieut.

Gen. Cluseret, in his military sketches of our armies, says:

I have, myself, seen general officers fill a four horse wagon for the transportation of their furniture—arm-chairs, carpets, etc.—to fit up their tents. After Pope's defeat, a General belonging to Sigel's corps had for his personal use an immense hospital tent, large enough to hold thirty sick men easily. The ground was covered with splendid carpet, and the tent was furnished with a bed and bedstead, arm-chairs, tables, etc., as though it were a pleasure party, instead of what would have it with silent contempt. The importance of a good school education, is dwelt upon at length by our School Committee in their last report, and the direful consequences to children who through life are deprived of these invaluable privileges, and the consequent suffering to them as individuals, and expense to the State, are hinted at by the Committee, in all which views I fully concur with them.

I am pleased to notice in the last School report, of 1863-4, for Woburn,—two of the Committee being the same as last year,—a recognition of the invaluable right of "freedom to worship God" according to the dictates of our own consciences.

There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

WE take the following from the Worcester Spy of Tuesday. Mr. Fay commences his labors in Woburn under favorable auspices, and we hope our town will be much benefited from his coming among us.

Last sabbath, April 3d, closed the pastoral labors of Rev. Eli Fay with the Unitarian society in Leominster. His farewell sermon in the afternoon was addressed particularly to his own people, and drew the tears to many a quivering eyelid. His closing appeal to the young people was pointed and earnest. In losing Mr. Fay, the society not only but the town loses an earnest worker in the cause of religion, humanity and social purity. Although his pastoral connection with the church closed on the 3d, Mr. Fay kindly consented to preach on Fast Day, and none will soon forget the earnestness with which he advocated the faithful observance of that fast, which humbled the soul to cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He commences his labors with the society in Woburn on the 11th inst."

A School trouble in Woburn.

We have received a pamphlet purporting to give the facts concerning the expulsion of Mr. Spiller's children from school. We understand that the matter will be brought before the town at a meeting to be held early in May to dispose of some town business that has arisen since the April meeting.

ACCIDENT AT STONEHAM.

—About 10 o'clock, Monday morning, a man named Simonds, who belongs in Malden, but was employed in the Haywood Rubber Mills, near Spot Pond, Stoneham, was caught by his arm while adjusting a belt on some machinery. His left arm was torn off, his leg broken, and the other parts of his body so injured as to cause instant death. Coroner Farnsworth of Melrose was summoned, but he deemed an inquest unnecessary.

WE shall not discuss any of these points, for so far as they are points of law, the courts will settle them; and so far as they are points of expediency, the town of Woburn, its School Committee, and the parent, alone can settle them.

We ought to add, that—presuming the pamphlet to make a complete statement of the facts—one feature is gratifying. The parent made his request of the teacher "very kindly;" and as he gives no intimation that his demeanor subsequently changed, we are to presume that the complaint to the Committee that he "insulted her by using abusive language, and by a threatening manner," is unfounded. We hope so; for usually parents who interfere with the rules of the schools, forget the proprieties of speech and temper.

The pamphlet however presents one point which has a general importance; which vitally affects the system of public education; and respects which it is the duty of the press, and our best citizens, to make it known.

For argument's sake, then (and only for the sake of the argument) we will concede (what in point of fact we do not concede) that in the case of which the Woburn parent complains, the rule is illegal, arbitrary, and oppressive; that it is the duty of the Committee to rescind it; that the Lord's Prayer and all that can be called a religious observance, should be abolished.

But what does the gentleman do? First go to the teacher; then to the Committee; then to the law? No; he goes to no one of these first. His first act, we will give in his own words. "I then told them (the children) that I did not wish them to repeat the prayer or bow their heads;" and with these instructions he sends them to school.

The very first act of the parent, according to his pamphlet, is to instruct his children to disobey the teacher! Now this we deliberately do. If there is a rule in the school room which vitally affects the system of public education; and respects which it is the duty of the press, and all good citizens, to speak in words that shall not be ambiguous.

This will not do. It is unfortunate that this incident should have occurred here now. It will lead to the supposition that the old bigotry of Massachusetts is not yet dead; that a captious spirit of opposition and interference is still abroad among the people. It is certainly unfortunate that we should have a Committee of which the children of this gentleman in Woburn may attend school, and if they please, refuse to recline their heads upon the desk during the repeating of the Lord's Prayer. If a Catholic School Committee had been elected, they might have excluded the same children, because they would not make the sign of the cross at the entrance of the school room with equal reason. If it had been a Baptist Committee, they might have excluded all the children who would not use the Baptist edition of the Bible, which used the word "immers" in all cases in the place of "baptize."

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII.: No. 30.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

Poetry.

Freedom's Rally.

BY C. T. BROOKS.

What means this tramp of armies
Poured down from the North?
Oh, Liberty and Justice!
Their legions send forth,
The star-flag is flinging
Its folds to the light,
The trumpet is singing;
For God and the Right!

They're flocking to the standard,
Our manhood on your youth,
With sword & glove for freedom,
For Justice & Truth!

From mountain and valley,
From inland and coast,
Strong-hearted they rally,
Each hero a host!

The Lord of Hosts is with them;
For His is the fight;
The God of Truth and Justice
Shall prosper the right.
The victory'll bring;
Her grateful hosanna
From millions shall ring!

Select Literature.

HOW MR. PENRYN GOT THE DYKEDALE LIVING.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT WHITE FLOOD.

"Theo," said the Vicar, "read this." He put his head into the room where his daughter sat at work; he dropped a note into her hand as she came forward to receive it, pulling back his own hand hastily because it was not quite steady. He did not look at her, nor wait for either question or answer, but shut the door, and went down stairs again into the dining-room, where another daughter sat by the fire reading, and a little boy lay at full length on the rug with a cat in his arms.

"Can't you go and play somewhere else, Charlie?" said his father. "I want to be quiet a bit."

The boy cleared off, and the vicar put his slipped foot to the fender with a great sigh. He had had a hard day of it, and was tired; but the sigh did not spring altogether from that source. It broke from him when he thought of the young girl up-stairs, the note he had taken to her, and another letter to himself in which hers had been enclosed. He put his elbows on his knees, and leaned down towards the fire; and there rose before him nearly thirty years of incessant work and poverty. He did not look at the picture to complain about it; on the contrary, something had brought to his recollection a spot in those thirty years which was very bright to him still, in spite of the tongues that raised around it a clamour of imprudence. Well, so he had been imprudent. He, possessing no private property, had dared to marry upon his curacy. He did not think he had ever repented it, however. Imprudent as it was, he might have waited until now, and things would have been but little better in a worldly point of view. It was true that he had been for some few years a vicar, but it was also true that, out of his two hundred per annum, he had to pay a curate, since it was impossible for him single-handed to work a parish so large and scattered as his present one.

"And there are the boys," sighed the Vicar. "Fred is getting on towards manhood, and Charlie—I'm sure I don't know what I shall do with them."

But these desultory thoughts were all outside the subject which in reality had stirred up in him a strange commotion of hope, anxiety, and wonder. He took the letter received but a few minutes ago from his pocket, and read it again. It was signed Julian Guest, and contained a proposal for the hand of Mr. Penry's eldest daughter, Theodora.

"I can't make it out at all," commented the Vicar. "A man like Julian Guest, a great estate who might be in Parliament, probably will be some day, to think about my Theo! It's the most wonderful thing I ever knew."

He remembered, also, that this Julian Guest had in his gift the living of Dykedale, and that what seemed to him a peculiar chance, the present incumbent was not at all likely to live another twelve months. This recollection it was which had made his hand tremble as he gave the note to his daughter. Mr. Guest had no near relative that he knew of in holy orders, and he could not prevent a little feeble hope from springing up in his heart. What more likely than that Theo's husband should think of her father when the Dykedale living was vacant? But would Julian ever be Theo's husband? That was the point. His heart sank a little again as he asked the question. Only a day or two ago she had said to him, "I wish that stupid Mr. Guest wouldn't come here so often, it makes me nervous."

For his own part, the Vicar was not ambitious nor eager after wealth; but to see his daughter so well provided for, and to be able to educate his boys and start them in life! To be able to give to the poor without the painful consciousness that his alms were in reality so much pinched out of a fund already insufficient for the needs of his family; to be able sometimes to take a little rest in this evening of his hard-worked life! If Theo

offended Mr. Guest, or if there could be no marriage relations between them, then of course he, the vicar, would have no more chance of Dykedale than any other stranger.

And then he began to wonder if Theo knew about this living, and what she thought of Julian's letter, and if the incumbent—

"God forgive me!" broke out the Vicar in his reverie. "What sort of a servant am I, to be counting the chances of another man's life for my own gain? I won't think about it. I'll put Theo out of my head for a while."

He got up, and went to a bookcase in the corner of the room; but Theo was not to be put aside so easily.

"Meg," said the Vicar, rummaging, "I want—where's that book I had last night?"

"Isn't it there, papa? I'll ask Theo."

She was going out of the room, but Mr. Penry caught her arm, and drew her back.

"Not; let Theo alone now. And you must learn to be a helpful little woman; we may not always have Theo with us. Go and ask for my boots if they're dry, for I have got to go out again to-night."

Meanwhile, the Vicar was standing at the window of her room, looking out upon the great white flood which lay along the valley, half swallowing the willows by the river bank, and rising high up the stem of the great ash, under which Fred had made a seat for her in holiday time long ago. Oh, if that time could only come back! Her work lay on the floor as it had dropped from her fingers. She was looking over the flood towards Dykedale, thinking about Julian Guest and wishing—wishing with all her heart that he had never written that letter. Necessity for exertion had quickened her perceptions and intuitions, and she did know about the living—did think about it immediately, as her father had done, which made the affair only so much the worse, since every argument in favour of this proposal only quickened her repugnance to it.

Mr. Guest was a rich, great man; he lived in a very different sort of way from theirs; she had nothing in common with him, knew and cared nothing at all about him. The first occasion of his visit to the Vicarage had been, she believed, business; since then he had come often, dropping in at about the hour for dinner at the Vicarage, which was, perhaps, almost the only hour when he had a chance of seeing Theo. Then he always got asked to stay for luncheon, and always accepted, to the occasional dismay of the young hostess, who was too much occupied in her home cares to trouble herself about the meaning of his visits. She had spoken the extent of her thoughts concerning Julian when she said he made her nervous. He had some slight impediment in his speech, a sharp occasional catching, which she magnified into a stammer. He could talk to the Vicar fast enough; but if he spoke to her, he was almost sure to stammer. What was she to do about this dreadful letter?

By and by she went down to the dining-room, half hoping, half fearing to find her father there waiting for her. He gave a sharp upward glance as she entered, and then began pulling on his boots hastily.

"You are not going out again this evening, papa?" says Theo.

"Yes, I am. There's Harrison ill up in Combe Lane."

"Combe Lane! why, it's miles away. Can't Mr. Trafford go?"

"It isn't Trafford's end of the parish," said Mr. Penry, curtly. "I must go."

"And you haven't had any tea, Papa?"

The Vicar got up, and silenced her with a quick, imperative gesture. They had both been keeping back from the one subject, he knowing intuitively and feeling in the knowledge a sting of disappointment, that his poor little castle was tottering, and she because she really did not know how to begin or what to say. She looked at him with a glance of mute appeal. What did he want her to do? What was he going to say?

Mr. Penry himself was struggling with a momentary temptation. Theo was so good, so gentle and loving, that if he were to say now, "For my sake, and for the good of your brothers and sister, accept this offer," he believed she would obey. And the advantages really did seem so great, seconded by an insidious voice which said, "It is for your own good too; you should urge it upon her, that he had to fight hard for victory. Finally, he bent down his grey head and kissed her.

"Don't be precipitate, Theo. Take time to consider; be certain of your answer, and then give it. When I come back to-night you shall tell me what it is. Only be honest and true, and remember we must not do evil that good may come. God bless you!"

No one, perhaps, but Theo herself would have known what it cost the poor vicar to say those words, which he felt were thrusting away his own hopes from before his eyes. He was human, and a father; and the thought of being able to provide for his own had risen up before him as a fair and executable hope. Theo knew. Theo went back into her own room, put her head down on the window, and sobbed out a sudden passion of sorrow, and love, and anger.

Anger against Julian Guest for bringing this trouble upon them; sorrow and love for the grey-haired man who had just gone out to his tramp through the muddy lanes, striking away with his own hand and laughing lips upon the blind. Then he went in, and found Theo waiting for him in the dining-room.

She should never love anybody as she loved him; why, then, was this sacrifice impossible? Why not take Julian, and leave the result to chance? What matter about her own happiness or—Julian's? Why did she know about this living, and what she thought of Julian's letter, and if the incumbent—

"God forgive me!" broke out the Vicar in his reverie. "What sort of a servant am I, to be counting the chances of another man's life for my own gain? I won't think about it. I'll put Theo out of my head for a while."

On the floor at her feet she saw the work which had dropped there when she first opened that ill-omened note—a collar for Charlie. She remembered the real pleasure traced upon it with embroidery; but she made no movement to take it up. What did it matter about Charlie's collars now, or her work either? He could have collars enough to last him.

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"I saw Charlie up there," he said, "I suppose he went without you. I am glad they spared you to-night!"

He stood up before the fire, and looked at her in quiet wonder. She was young, and the impulses and passions of the young must be warm at her heart. But she was occupied as usual; and while he watched the needle fly about, shining in the fire-light, he wondered how it was that such a crisis as this had made no vehement stir and flutter in the monotony of the girl's life.

Suddenly she put down the work, and stood up also, a little behind him.

"Papa, I have thought of it all a great deal. I have been thinking about ever since you went, and I—can't—"

The Vicar put out his hand, and drew her towards him.

"My little Theo, you are not afraid to tell me that you are not like Mr. Guest well enough to take him for a husband? It is all as it should be. What could we—what could I have done without you?"

Theo, looking up into his face, tried with all her might to read it, and to keep down the rising sob of sorrow for him.

"You are very good to me, mama. I suppose it was good of Mr. Guest too."

"Good of him! Well, Theo, I don't know about that. At any rate it is the best compliment he could have offered you. Better write your answer to night, and have it done with now. And now, my dear, see if there's any port wine in the house, will you? I must send some up to Harrison at once. I'm afraid he will hardly live through the night."

As he spoke, by the mechanical force of habit, he put down the tongs with which he had been about to break the dull lumps in the grate. There would be colder weather than this, and it would not do to be extravagant. And he smiled as he thought to himself that with the tongs he laid down the brief vision of the Dykedale living.

Mr. Julian Guest got his letter in the morning. He sat down to read it in a deep old-fashioned window-seat in his picture gallery; and when he had read it he folded it back into the envelop, put it in his pocket, and looked out, as Theo had looked the evening before, at the flood.

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"It is evil. God help me not to do it; not to want to do it for my father's sake; not to hate Julian Guest!"

She turned back again to the window, and saw the rays of light streaming upon the flood, as it lay spread out before her in the setting sun. She saw small bales of sticks and rubbish going down madly on towards the sea, and a dreary thought suggested itself that she was like them, drifting on helplessly towards an unknown sea, unable to stop if she wished it.

"What matter if I do suffer, so that he—my father—is happy?"

Only remember, we must not do evil that good may come.

She recalled the words, but they did not seem to affect her much. She thought of them indifferently—a little impatiently—with a sort of blank wonder why it was so hard to be good. Then her thoughts went out to her father busy in his ministrations according to his habit; going from house to house wherever he was wanted; stinting himself miserably that the famished might be fed. How large the good that might, may, must result from that one bit of evil, if she could only resolve to do it! Was it evil?

She thought it over a little longer, and then covered her face with her hands, and tears—not like the first rebellious outbreak, but gentle ears—fell through the clasped fingers.

"It is evil. God help me not to do it; not to want to do it for my father's sake; not to hate Julian Guest!"

He sat there a long time, stung to his fingers with disappointment and mortification. A servant came to tell him his horse was ready, to which he replied, "Send him back to the stable; I've changed my mind."

He could speak fluently enough to his servants and to those with whom he was on familiar terms; only before strangers this miserable stumbling remembered him, and made prey of him relentlessly.

"Well, it wasn't likely!" he said to himself at last. "I am such a great, stupid, silent log that I dare say she never dreamed of such a thing. Would there have been any more chance if I had waited a bit, I wonder? But it's of no use to wonder about that now."

He then began to ask himself if he really had not been guilty of a little worldly pride; if he had not cast a passing thought to his position and on his wealth as being very much in his favor. At any rate they had not tempted Theo; and in spite of his disappointment, a spark of exultation came into his eyes at the thought. Then his glance fell upon the church tower and the chimneys of the rectory, and his momentary exultation died out. He had thought of Mr. Penry in connection with that house; he thought of him again now, and his cheeks burned and his heart sank at the thought. They would be so near to him; and just at the moment he did feel as if he could never face Theo again.

"But it ought to make no difference," reflected Mr. Guest.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrangements are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and no person within the paper will be entitled to give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75
One-third of a square, one insertion, 1.00
One square one year, 10.00
One square three months, 6.00
One square six months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 6.00
Half a square six months, 4.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *leaded*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

32nd All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Boston—Dr. J. M. Mansfield.
Somerville—E. T. Wetherbee.
Winchester—Josiah Hovey.
Reading—L. E. D. Gleason.

S. M. PETCHENELL & CO., Boston and New Bedford, Printers, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertiser in the JOURNAL circuits largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and it will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

32nd Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APR. 23, 1864.

The spring campaign, thus far, has not advanced the Union cause, nor has it retarded it. We have met with reverses in several quarters, more from a lack of management than any other cause. The most serious reverses of the war, to our arms, have been sustained through seeming carelessness. We have either advanced too far, with an inadequate force, into the enemy's country, or we have left a few men to guard an exposed position, thus inviting and receiving disaster.

But there is one consolation that we have in our affliction, and that is, that our loss has been gained to the enemy, and were it not for the forfeiture of so many valuable lives, we would have no reason to feel the least discouraged. The battles, or we might say skirmishes, that have taken place, are of no consequence, and both the rebels and ourselves would be better off had they never occurred. It is evident that the rebels intend to make a gigantic movement in Virginia just as soon as they can complete their plans, and to check this movement Grant is bringing up all his available forces, which are much larger than the country or the rebels have any idea of. The discipline of the Army of the Potomac at this moment, is said to be, by good and competent judges, better than at any previous time; so that when the rebels begin their onward movement they will be met at every step by men inured to toil and made firm by discipline, and who are determined from general to private to do their whole duty to themselves and their country. Despondency need not occupy any one. At first the odds may be against us, but when the great shock of the contest comes, victory will wreath the brows of our brave defenders, and the great heart of the nation will beat a joyful pulsation. All we need is confidence, and determination to work shoulder to shoulder in this grand combat for union and liberty, and the result will be such that no one will be disappointed. We do not believe that Gen. Grant will be decoyed from the true line of duty by any Presidential promises that may be held out to him, and that his unbiased judgment will always dictate the course to be pursued. We need a man whom politicians cannot control, who will act irrespective of their bribes or threats, and in General Grant we have such a one. It is to be hoped that he will be successful before Richmond, as he was before Vicksburg, and that if Lee ventures as far North next summer as he did last, he will not only defeat him, but follow him up and crush him, instead of wasting precious time in holding a conference which changes victory into defeat.

MALDEN MURDER.—Edward W. Green, the Malden murderer was arraigned at Lowell on Monday. He at first plead guilty to murder in the second degree, but the District Attorney would not receive this plea, and he afterwards changed it to the first degree.—He is to receive his sentence on Monday next. It appears that Green depends altogether on executive clemency, but we think, if reports to the effect that his manner is careless and independent are correct, that he is not in a fair way to gain sympathy either from the public or the authorities. The crime of which he is guilty is of the most heinous character, and nothing but humiliation and honest repentance on his part, will obtain for him the clemency he so much desires. If he can afford to wear a "don't care" manner, certainly the public can do the same; and justice demands that the community should have some security against the recurrence of such an act as that which chilled our blood and made the boldest afraid but a few months ago.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—We were shown a large cancerous tumor of the breast, removed from a lady in this town, by Dr. Harlow, assisted by Drs. Ingalls and Jameson. The operation was done while the patient was under the influence of ether, and did not occupy ten minutes in the performance. The patient is now doing well.

EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING PATTERNS can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore.

Army Correspondence.

CULPEPER, VA., April 17, 1864.

Dear Journal.—The season of inactivity will very soon close and the Army of the Potomac will be in motion. The soldiers, who for the past four months have been hived within buildings of their own handiwork, will emerge from them, instilled with new life and ready to renew with thine their former energy the work of restoring to peace their unhappy country. With leaders whom they trust, they feel assured they will be led to victory. The army is strong and every day adds to it. Here and there spots which but a few days since were unoccupied, are now crowned with the white tents. Every available man who has heretofore served in the rear will be introduced to a position in the front. The Veteran Reserve (formerly the Invalid Corps) is being weakened to strengthen the army, so that once more it will have all the elements for success.

Gen. Grant has his Head Quarters in this town, but his business keeps him plying between it and the Capitol. He reviewed that portion of the Corps situated near Culpeper, a short time since. He paid a visit to, and reviewed the 1st Brigade, at Mitchell's Station, made a hasty call at Cedar Mountain, the Signal Station, took a peep at the Johnnies through glass, whom he found leveling glasses at him, as the Union troops did at Jeff. Davis when he passed among the troops at Lookout before Chattanooga. It is surprising to think how it is the enemy can know what is going on; it is reported that the news of the consolidation was published South, before issued from Gen. Mead's Headquarters for distribution. The late order in relation to Sutler's going to the rear, which indicated that the army was to move, was issued at noon, and the afternoon train brought published accounts of it, while late at the evening a telegram was sent throughout the army to suppress the same, and not let it fall into the hands of the correspondents.

The Government supports a free school at Philadelphia, to which soldiers, so disposed, attend and fit themselves to become officers in the "unleashed soldiery." Applications for thirty days furlough will be approved after the next battle, for those who show themselves worthy. There are a great many men being transferred to the Navy, so that one hundred will thus be lost from this Division.

The Selectmen and School Committee meet in Convention on Thursday evening next, to fill the vacancy in the Board of School Committee, occasioned by the non-acceptance of Rev. M. R. Barney.

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The number of printing presses now in operation and ready for use in the Treasury building in Washington is so large that if placed in a line, they would extend a quarter of a mile.

The whole debt of the State of New York, including its national liabilities, is estimated at one thousand millions of dollars—with sixty-eight millions of the value of all its real estate.

The remains of Henry Clay, after an interment of twelve years, were removed last week, upon the death of his wife, and placed side by side with her, beneath the beautiful monument erected to his memory in the Lexington Cemetery.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

Died

In Woburn, April 18th, George E., son of Angelina M. Cummings, 4 months 13 days. In South Reading Apr. 16, Miss Eliza Green aged 64 years.

In North Reading, April 16, after a brief illness, Capt. John Howard, aged 78 years, 10 mos. 4 days.

In Woburn, April 16th, Mrs. Abigail Bancroft, aged 66 years.

In Winchester, April 18th, Mr. Caleb Richardson, aged 87 years.

In Woburn, 17th inst., Mrs. Delphine R., wife of John D. Carleton, 48 years, 3 months.

In Bowe, N. H., April 2, Mrs. Mary Waterman, widow of Rev. Thomas Waterman, formerly of this town, aged 50 years.



TOWN WARRANT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, April 23, 1864.

Bangs, Edward Clough, Hannah Chessman, Addie Converse, Lydia McNamee, John O. McFee, Rosanna O'Melia, Margaret O'Donnell Michael O'Sullivan, Eliza Persons, Sally S. Summer, Jane

Mail closes at 64. A.M., and 12.30 P.M.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

To the Inhabitants of Woburn and Vicinity.

THE Subscriber most respectfully thanks the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, for the very liberal patronage he has received in his line of business, and, while expressing his thanks, he has a large and entire new stock of goods suitable for spring and summer wear, and trusts that by close attention to business and strict regard to the requirements of his patrons, he shall ensure that success which such efforts generally command.

S. R. PRIEST,

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

One door north of Whitford's Central Market.

Repairing in all its branches.

30th

STOLEN.

A FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT, painted green outside, and dark brown inside, was stolen from the bank at the north corner of Horn Pond, sometime during the latter part of March. The boat is 16 feet long, 4 wide, 2 deep, and was recently sold by him to T. J. HAYES, who will reward any one for information concerning the same.

Woburn, April 22, 1864.

Real Estate For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale a DWELLING-HOUSE, on Ball Road Street, about one-fourth of a mile from Main Street. The Eastern part contains two rooms, the Western eight. Good water power, and a small garden, each part so arranged as to be convenient for two families. Also House-Lots of various locations and Prices. Terms accommodating.

LUKE FOWLE.

30th.

OLD PAPERS, &c.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, PAMPHLETS, &c. purchased at the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL OFFICE. Persons having large or small quantities to dispose of, are invited to bring them to the above place.

Woburn, April 22, 1864.

J. M. GROSVENOR, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Begs to inform the citizens of Woburn and others that he is principally located at the center of the town, and most respectfully tenders his services to the public.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE at the corner of Union and Main Streets.

REFERENCE—Dr. Crosby, M. D., Prof. of Surgery, Boston Dispensary; Dr. J. C. Dorr, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.; Dr. B. P. Parsons, M. D., Salem, Mass.

CLARK'S

DISTILLED

RESTORATIVE FOR THE HAIR,

Restores Gray and Faded Hair and Beard to its Natural Color, and is a most Luxurious Dressing

FOR THE HAIR AND HEAD.

Clark's Restorative, Restores the Color.

Clark's Restorative, Eradicates Dandruff,

Clark's Restorative, Promotes its growth,

Clark's Restorative, Prevents its falling off,

Clark's Restorative, Is an unequal Dressing,

Clark's Restorative, Is good for Children,

Clark's Restorative, Is good for Ladies,

Clark's Restorative, Is good for Old People,

Clark's Restorative, Is perfectly harmless.

Clark's Restorative, Contains no Oil,

Clark's Restorative, Is not a Dye,

Clark's Restorative, Beautifies the Hair,

Clark's Restorative, Is splendid for Whiskers,

Clark's Restorative, Keeps the Hair in its Place,

Clark's Restorative, Cures Nervous Headache,

Clark's Restorative, Prevents Eruptions,

Clark's Restorative, Stops Itching and Burning;

Clark's Restorative, Keeps the Head Cool,

Clark's Restorative, Is delightfully perfumed,

Clark's Restorative, Contains no Sediment,

Clark's Restorative, Contains no Gum,

Clark's Restorative, Polishes your Hair,

Clark's Restorative, Prepares you for Parties,

Clark's Restorative, Prepares you for Balls,

Clark's Restorative, All Ladies need it,

Clark's Restorative, No lady will do without it,

Clark's Restorative, Costs but \$1.

Clark's Restorative, Is sold by Druggists Dealers everywhere,

Price 51 cent bottle—6 bottles for \$5.

G. C. CLARK & CO., PROPRIETORS,

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., BOSTON, General Agents,

33—34.

Old Brown Windsor Soap—Genuine
On hand and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

NEW STOCK OF ROOM PAPER!

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW PATTERNS, of the above, has just been received from New York, at the lowest price.

Woburn Bookstore, and will be sold very low. Also, BORDERING in variety, and Paper for Curtains and Side Lights.

L. H. ALLEN, FUNERAL UNDERTAKER,

FURNISHES at his Weymouth, four doors south of depot, Coffins of all sizes and qualities, Black Walnut, Mahogany, White Wood, and Pine coffins, of every size and price. Plates of various styles, and Plain and Fancy Handles. Cambria Shrouds. Metallic Coffins furnished at the shortest notice. Every thing furnished at the lowest living price.

In Woburn, April 16th, Mrs. Abigail Bancroft, aged 66 years.

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He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies of deceased persons by cold air, stone, without the need of embalming, ice, and the like, to the public.

Art. 2. To choose all necessary Town Officers to serve the Town the ensuing year.

Art. 3. To see what sum of money the Town will raise and appropriate under the direction of the Selectmen, as authorized by Chap. 120 of the Acts of 1864, approved March 28, 1864, for the purpose of paying volunteers in the Naval or Military service of the U. S., and who form a part of the quota of the town under any order or call of the President of the U. S., issued after the first day of March, 1864, and before the first day of April.

Art. 4. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

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Art. 4. To see whether the Town will instruct the School Committee to require no religious observances from the children in the public schools, or act any thing relative thereto.

Art. 5. To see whether the Town will appoint a committee to investigate the subject of the exclusion of the children of William T. Spiller from the public schools, or act any thing relative thereto.

Art. 6. To see whether the Town will appoint a committee to investigate the subject of the exclusion of the children of William T. Spiller from the public schools, or act any thing relative thereto.

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Art. 37. To see whether the Town will appoint a committee to investigate the subject

Miscellaneous.

I Would the War were over.
Yes, I would the war were over.
Would the cruel work was done:
With my country undivided,
And the battle fought and won.
Let the contest now before us.
Be decided by the sword,
For the war cannot be ended.
Till the Union is restored.

Dead upon the field of battle,
Husband, sons, and brothers lie;
Friends are scattered, wives and mothers,
Lovers lost for them—by and by.

Far away from home forever.

Many a noble boy lies slain:
Look not for thy child, fond mother—
Thou shalt see him not again.

Yes, I would the war were ended,
And the cruel struggle o'er;
But our flag must be defended,
And our country safe before,
Peace, indeed, is Heaven's blessing,
Though its joys are easy lost,
Still we'll battle for our nation,
Whatsoever it may cost.

A Portland, Me., paper tells us that on some question of a local interest, under discussion in the Legislature of that State, one day last week, Mr. Barker made a furious onslaught on the ignorance of the enlightened people of York county, as he discovered it, on a political tour which he made among them, last fall. He said that among other things he discovered the people of York county had abandoned all belief in the *existence of the Devil*, and he mingled his mock and satirical lamentations with the announcement of this regretful discovery about the people in that part of the state. On his taking his seat, Mr. Goodwin, a member from a town in that county, rose and said that the experience of the gentleman, last fall, might have been true, but that since the visit of that gentleman to York, the people there, to a man, had recovered their convictions, and had now not the least doubt that their was a devil about!

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Pshaw! Stop you noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Let me be! Go away! Get away! Get away! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother!—Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! I did! I will have it! I, look what you have done! 'Twas you!—Won't you catch it, though? It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Mah-h-h! Boo-hoo, hoo, hoo! What's the matter? Do you hear me? Dear me! I never did see in all my born days! It's enough to send one crazy! Would you put a tuck in it? Well says!—Says she! Says they! Bless me! No, hem it all this way round! Thread bounces!—Gored! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cut bias! Real sweet!

SUMMARY OF WEDDED BLISS.—An exchange paper does it up in rhyme:—

God bless the wives,
They fill our lives.
With little lies and honey!
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—

That is, if they love us;

If not, we die;

And yet they cry;

And raise tombstones a'ove us.

APPROPRIATE.—An amusing circumstance occurred in a singing school, some years ago. A. M. Paine was the teacher, and a Miss Patience, one of the pupils.

In the course of the evening the teacher gave out the tune set to the words:—

"Come, gentle patience smile on pa."

The pupils were so excited by laughter that it was found impossible to sing the line. Soon the teacher gave out another, in which were the following lines:—

"Oh give me tears for others' woes,

And patience for my own."

The risibilities of the school were so affected that all singing was deferred until another occasion.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—The hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular minister, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion, and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God, that I got back my hat from this congregation."

FIVE Massachusetts men, six feet high, were lately presented by Messrs. Alley and Gooch, who are not remarkable for their height, to the President, who, after inquiring whether they were all from that State, and being assured that they were, said "Why is it to me that Massachusetts always sends her little men to Congress?"

A western wag remarks that he has seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they couldn't be told apart.

"Sambo, where is your master?"— "Gone out." "Has he left off drinking yet?" "Oh, yes, sure! he leaves off two, three times dis mornin'."

"Why are the rebel leaders like turkeys? Because when their necks are stretched there will be a general thanksgiving."

After successfully popping the question, the next thing is to question the pop.

Wanted, two stamps of indignation, and one of true nobility.

THE HORACE WATERS.

Modern Improved Overstrung Bass FULL IRON FRAME PIANOS

Are justly deserved by the Press and Music Masters to be superior Instruments. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials, and will stand *any climate*. The tone is very decided, and full, and the instrument is of the best quality. Each Piano warranted for three years. Prices from \$175 to \$700.

THE HORACE WATERS.—The HORACE WATERS Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence from personal knowledge of their construction and durability.

—*New York Evangelist.*

We can speak of the merits of the HORACE WATERS Pianos from personal knowledge, and of the very best quality. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

LYON'S PERIODICAL DROPS, THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY! THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY! THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY! THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!

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LYON'S PERIODICAL DROPS, THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY!</p

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 31.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

April 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to Heaven,
And on "the rolls of muster"
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven;
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fife, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless Heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
The hundred stand to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia streams,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two hundred on crutches,
And two hundred in a hand,
To pour the wine and raise the cup,
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed
aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and
the dead
Who had made us thirty-seven!"

Select Literature.

HOW MRS. O'DOWD LEARNED
ITALIAN.

I was newly married when I came abroad for a short wedding tour. The world at that time required newly married people to lay in a small stock of continental notions, to assist their conviviality and enable them to wear the yoke with the graceful ease of foreigners; and so Mrs. O'D., and I started with one heart, one passport, and—what's not so pleasant—one hundred pounds, to comply with this ordinance. Of course, once over the border—one in France—it was enough. So we took up our abode in a very unpretending little hotel of Boulogne sur-mer called "La Cour de Madrid," where we boarded for the moderate sum of eleven francs fifty centimes per diem—the odd fifty being saved by my wife not taking the post-prandial cup of coffee and rum.

There was not much to see at Boulogne, and we soon saw it. For a week or so Mrs. O'D. used to go out muffled like one of the sultan's five hundred wives, protesting that she'd surely be recognized; but she grew out of the delusion at last, and discovered that our residence at the Cour de Madrid as effectually screened us from all remark or all inquiry as if we had taken up our abode in the Catacombs.

Now when one has got a large stock of any commodity on hand—I don't care what it is—there's nothing so provoking as not to find market. Mrs. O'D.'s investment was bashfulness. She was determined to be the most timid, starled, modest and blushing creature that ever wore orange flowers; and yet there was not a man, woman or child in the whole town that cared to know whether the act for which she left England was a matrimony or a murder.

"Don't you hate this place, Cornelius?"—she never called me Con in the honeymoon. "Isn't it the dullest, dreariest hole you have ever been in?"

"Not with you."

"Then don't yawn when you say so. I abhor it. It's dirty, it's vulgar, it's dear."

"No, no. It ain't dear, my love; don't say dear."

"Billiards, perhaps, and filthy cigars, and that greenish bitter—annisette, I think they call it—are cheap enough perhaps; but these are all luxuries I can't share in!"

Here was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand that presaged the first convivial hurricane. A married friend—one of much experience and long suffering—had told me of this, saying, "Don't fancy you'll escape, old fellow; but do the way the ministry do about Turkey—put the evil day off; diplomatis, promise, cajole, threaten a bit if needed; but, postpone it; and, strong with these precepts, I negotiated, as the phrase is, and with a dash of reckless liberality that I tremble at now as I record it, I said, "You've only to say where—noting but where, to, and I'll take you—up the Rhine, down the Danube, Egypt, the cataracts—"

"I don't want to go so far," said she, dryly, "Italy will do."

This was a stunner. I hoped the impossible would have stopped her, but she caught at the practicable, and foiled me.

"There's only one objection," said I, musing.

"And what may that be? Not money, I hope?"

"Heaven forbid—no. It's the language. We get on here tolerably well, for the waiter

speaks broken English, but in Italy, dearest, English is unknown."

"Let us learn Italian, then. My aunt Groves said I had a remarkable talent for languages."

I groaned inwardly at this, for the same aunt Groves had vouchered for a sum of seventeen hundred and odd pounds as her niece's fortune, but which was so beautifully "tied up," as they called it, that neither chancellor nor master were ever equal to the task of untangling it.

"Of course, dearest, let us learn Italian," and I thought how I'd crush a junior counsel some day with a smashing bit of Dante.

We started that same night—traveled on day after day—crossed Mont Cenis in a snow storm, and reached the Trombetta as wayward and wretched-looking a pair as ever traveled on an errand of bliss and beauty.

"In a penny" is very Irish philosophy; but I can't help that, so I wrote to my brother Peter to sell out another hundred for me out of the "Threes," saying, "dear Paulina's health required a little change to a milder climate"—it was snowing when I wrote, and the thermometer over the chimney-place at 9 degrees Beaumar, with windows that wouldn't shut, and a marble floor without carpet)—"that the balmy air of Italy" (my teeth chattered as I set it down) "would soon restore her; and indeed already she seemed to feel the change." That she did, for she was croaching over a pan of charcoal ashes, with a railroad-wrapper over her shoulders.

It's no use going over what is in every one's experience on first coming south of the Alps—the daily, hourly difficulty of not believing that you have taken a wrong road and got into Siberia; and strangest of all it is to see how little the natives think of it. I declare I often thought soap must be a refrigerant, and I wish some chemist would inquire into the matter.

"Are we ever to begin this blessed language?" said Mrs. O'D., to me, after four days of close arrest—snow still falling and the thermometer going daily down, lower and lower. Now I had made inquiries the day before from the landlord, and learned that he knew of a most competent person, not exactly a regular teacher who would insist upon our going to work in school fashion, but a man of sense, and a gentleman, indeed a person of rank and title, with whom the world had gone somewhat baddy, and who was at that very moment suffering for his political opinions, far in advance, as they were, of those of his age.

"He's a friend of Gioberti," whispered the landlord in my ear, while his features became animated with the most intense significance. Now, I had never so much as heard of Gioberti, but I felt it would be a deep disgrace to confess it, and so I only exclaimed, "Well, sir," said I stiffly, "I am at your orders."

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS-\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued if all arrearages are paid except in case of the payment of any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term.

NOTICE OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (6 lines this type), one insertion, .50
One square one year, .90
One square six months, .60
One square three months, .40
Half a square one year, .60
Half a square six months, .40
Half a square three months, .30
Less than half a square charged as a square; more
than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, tended, 12 cents per line for
one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS, not otherwise marked
on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT,
and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.

Winchester—JOHN HOVEY.

Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New
York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer),
Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are
desirous to take advertisements for the JOURNAL
at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business
men everywhere is called to this paper as an adver-
tising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely
among the classes that surround Woburn, and will
increase their business by advertising in its
columns.

EVERY KIND OF JOB PRINTING done at short no-
tice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the
opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to
the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, APR. 30, 1864

Prayer in the Public Schools.

The following article has been handed to us
for publication. It relates to a subject that
has lately obtained considerable of the attention
of our citizens, and which will be brought
before them, at the town meeting, on Monday
afternoon next. From what we can gather
the School Committee differ as regards the
facts in the case, with Mr. Spiller, and it is
likely that we will, on the above occasion, hear
both sides of the question. It is unfortunate
for the town that the matter should have
assumed a public nature, as many erroneous
opinions have in consequence gone abroad, and
we hope, for the sake of all concerned, that on
Monday it will be set at rest forever.

MR. EDITOR:—As some of our well-meaning
citizens are in the dark as to the merits
of the case of Mr. Spiller's children, I pro-
pose to say a few words by way of throw-
ing some light on the matter. I do not mean
to review the pamphlet entitled "A Statement
of Facts, &c." As far as I can gather
the School Committee differ as regards the
facts in the case, with Mr. Spiller, and it is
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for the town that the matter should have
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we hope, for the sake of all concerned, that on
Monday it will be set at rest forever.

It will be observed that Mr. S. is dependent
for a number of the statements that he makes
upon the reports of his children, one six and
the other eight years of age. It is but justice
to Miss Dennett, who has the entire confidence
and esteem of all who know her, to say
that she has authorized an utter denial
of several of the supposed "facts" with
reference to her own actions. Miss Dennett
particularly denies that the children had not
complied with the rule for the two other terms,
and that she "opened her eyes and seeing that
her (my) children did not comply, stopped," &c.,
and that "she retained them as visitors on
a certain day, and then told them not to come
again." It is the experience of Teachers and
School Committees that in difficulties between
them and scholars, parents are naturally in-
clined to put confidence in the statements of
their children. It is equally their experience
that such parents are often egregiously misled.
So far as Mr. Spiller's quotation of his conver-
sations with different members of the School
Committee, the discrepancies between their re-
collection of the interviews and his own, should
in charity be attributed to the fallibility of their
memories and the infallibility of his.

With regard to his interviews with Miss Den-
nett, he represents them as "very kindly" as
not wishing "to have any controversy with her," &c. Mr. S. may have meant no doubt to
conduct himself very kindly, and he is perhaps
not aware that under the excitement of his feelings
he used language to her, a lady, which if used
towards a man, would have been answered
by something more vigorous than words, unless
indeed such a man possessed the meekness of
Teachers and School Committees. Now, how-
ever, that Mr. S. is informed that his conduct
was sufficiently offensive towards Miss Dennett
to seriously wound her feelings, and lead her to
appeal to the Committee for protection, he
is a gentleman, will doubtless feel constrained
to make a due apology to her before venturing
further upon the consideration of this chivalrous
community.

Mr. Spiller's children were suspended from
the school because under the continued instruc-
tions of their father they persisted in violating
one of the rules of the school. The rule which
they have been instructed to violate is, that all
the children shall assume a uniform posture
during the exercises of the school. If these
children had refused persistently to assume that
uniform posture in any of the exercises it would
have met with the same punishment as an act
of rebellion calculated to undermine the dis-
cipline of the school. It is the prerogative of
such teacher under the supervision of the com-
mittee to decide what that posture shall be,
only provided that it shall be natural, easy, and
appropriate to the exercise. The necessity of
insisting on this uniformity of posture, to the
good order and discipline of a school of
sixty or seventy scholars will be appreciated by
those who are familiar with our public institu-
tions.

The exercise in this case was the repetition
of the Lord's Prayer, and the posture that of
bowing the head. This exercise is generally
observed in our public schools through New
England and the Country, though it is some-
times omitted at the option of the teacher.
The posture in some cases is standing up, some-
times folding the hands, and often bowing the
head. Nor do I know of a single case of a
man bold enough publicly to object either to
this prayer or posture, in the whole history of
our schools. That distinction has been reserved
for this year of our Lord 1864; and to Mr. W.
T. Spiller, belongs the glory of it.

If any parent believes his rights to be invaded
by any exercise of this kind, his course is plain.
It is to appeal to the Committee, that the act
conflicts with his interpretation of the Bible.
He should produce some evidence of the honest-
ty of his plea and if he appeared to be sin-
cerely afflicted with religious scruples (in which
they should judge him charitably) they are
bound to protect him. But Mr. Spiller has
done nothing of this kind. Instead of going to
the Committee he began by teaching his chil-
dren to violate a law of the school, and then by
interrupting and attempting to overrule the teach-
er. Nor has he professed to the Committee to
have any religious opinion upon the subject,
nor have the Committee any means of knowing
that he has any religious opinions in the sense
of this law upon the subject. On the contrary
they had every reason from their past experience
with Mr. Spiller (who has for several years
made large drafts upon the patience of teachers
and committees) to believe that his objections
were anything but "religious," and his course
evidently and disorganized. I would conclude
by saying that the schools are open to Mr.
Spiller's two younger children as to his elder
child, and that they can enter to-day subject to
the regulations prescribed by law, and by the
legal supervisors of the schools acting in har-
mony with the law.

* * * It will be observed that the "eminent conni-
cet" of Mr. Spiller appears strangely ignorant of the
existence of these statutes.

From the Andover Advertiser.

Wilmington.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been an inhabitant
of this town more than 45 years, a little
more than half of my lifetime. The census
gives the town some for eight or nine
hundred inhabitants. The soil here has not
been celebrated by people in town or out, as
of the highest fertility; but as few live wholly
by agriculture, industry and perseverance
supply the deficiency. The town is located
in such a manner as hardly to have a rival.
It is surrounded by the largest cities and vil-
lages in the State, and railroads in every direc-
tion enough to relieve us of our "Surplus
Revenue" and cleanse the place by fire.
Our accommodations for going to market
here (rather to buy than to sell) are very
great. The constitution of our soil is such
that its aptitude to produce wood will com-
pensate for the deficiencies of other produc-
tions. Our light land is cultivated with
much greater facility than the tenacious soils
of rocky and clayey lands are in many other
places, with the advantage of early and dry
roads. Our population in numbers has re-
mained about stationary for the last century,
but a surplus population has emigrated to
other towns and States. A sparse popula-
tion is most conducive to quietude and good
neighborhood. The loss of our beautiful
meeting house has brought to my mind a
train of incidents which transpired long ago.
In the summer of 1792 we were destitute of
a minister in my native place, and I went
with others to "Wilmington meeting to
hear the Rev. Isaac Morrell, an excellent
man then advanced in years. He preached
in an ancient meeting-house which lasted
till the year 1813. His successor, the Rev.
Frederick Reynolds, was ordained October
29th, 1795, at a second trial, the first one be-
ing spent in wrangling and acrimonious dis-
putations. His preaching was highly ob-
jectionable to a large minority of his church
and people. I was a spectator at both of
these protracted, vociferous and angry dis-
cussions of the debaters. What amount of
education I realized I leave to those who
manifested their religion in their lives and con-
duct, instead of venting it in noisy controversy.
The opposition party by their un-
yielding spank and obstinacy were placed in
any attitude but a pleasant one. Our State
laws at that time made it the duty of every
inhabitant of a town except paupers, to be-
come a member and pay a tax for the sup-
port of a minister somewhere, and if it so
happened that a man had so sturdy a con-
science as to compel him to "sign off" for
"conscience sake" he must sign himself a
member to a different denomination from
that to which he formerly belonged. This
circumstance placed some of our good con-
scientious opposers in a bad "fix." For a
Congregationalist to be under the necessity
of becoming a member of a denomination
utterly repugnant to his feelings and creed,
for the purpose of having the liberty to suit
himself, reminds me of the man who sunk in
the sand-pit; the more he struggled the deeper
he sank. Unreasonable laws ought to
be of short continuance. The disaffected
party, not feeling like backing out, signed off
to distant places, to join different "per-
suasions." A small party, to rid themselves
of the perplexing inconsistency, wisely sold
their farms and left the town. In a short
time the seeders began to realize the effects
of secession and the inconsistency of uniting
with churches whose creeds were so dis-
similar to their own. Travelling to Salem and
other distant places "for conscience sake,"
on a day which God himself had set apart
as a day of rest, did not seem to harmonize
with the injunction "Remember the Sab-
ath day to keep it holy." On reflection,
these strong-willed men, in a short time, to
get out of the mortifying dilemma, adopted the
lesser evil and returned to their own church.
And what is very remarkable in the same year
(I believe 1830) of the repeal of the ob-
noxious restriction laws, Mr. Raymond's So-
ciety almost to a man, "signed off" and left
without support.

THE ATLANTIC.—The Treasurer of the
town of Woburn has in his possession, money
allotted by Jonas B. Chase, of Co. E., 10th
Mass. Regt., to Ira Chase. If the latter will
call upon the Treasurer, he will be happy to
pay over the amounts in his hands.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.—Through
the politeness of Adjutant General Schouler,
we have received his report for the year 1863.
It consists of 1022 pages, and gives a com-
plete history of the part Massachusetts has
taken during the past year in crushing the
great rebellion. Gen. Schouler deserves
much praise for the care he has evinced in
compiling this report, more especially as all
the labor in its preparation had to be per-
formed after he had concluded his daily and
laborious duties at the State House, and who-
ever is so fortunate as to get a copy will pre-
serve it as something well worth keeping.

ALLOTMENT MONEY.—The Treasurer of the
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FIRE.—The alarm of fire, late last Sat-
urday night, was occasioned by the burning of
the Saw factory at East Woburn. Engines
Nos. 1 and 3 of Woburn, and General
Worth of Stoneham, were present, but the
fire had gained too much headway to be stayed,
and the building, with the machinery it
contained, were totally consumed. The
property destroyed was owned by Henshaw
& Co., and was insured. The fire was the
work of an incendiary.

SHADE TREES.—The Selectmen are ready
to set out shade trees, for those who desire
them. All the expense necessary is the price
of the trees, as the town pays for setting.
Mr. Walter Wyman has charge of the matter,
and will attend to all orders left with him.

SENTENCE OF GREEN.—On Monday last
Edward W. Green, the Malden murderer, was
sentenced to death, at Lowell, by Judge Hoar.
The court room was crowded with spectators,
and the remarks of the Judge, in passing sentence,
were touching and well adapted to the case.
He held no hope of mercy to the prisoner,
and implored him to prepare to meet the doom which undoubtedly awaited him.
Green manifested very little emotion
during the proceedings.

APPOINTMENTS.—The Selectmen have made
the following appointments:

Fire Engineers.—L. W. Pernam, S. T.
Brigham, T. F. Reed, S. D. Sampson, Wm.
Ellard.

Common Weighers.—Lewis B. Norris,
Josiah Linscott.

Weighers of Coal and also Common
Weighers.—Alexander Ellis, Henry A. Carter,
L. G. Richardson.

Measurer of Upper Leather.—Marcus Ea-
ton.

WOBURN STATE GUARD.—The Woburn
State Guard, meet for inspection and drill,
at the Armory, on Tuesday afternoon next,
at 2 o'clock. They hold a business meeting
on Monday evening, at the same place.

ACCIDENTS.—Several vehicles were badly
damaged in our town, last Sunday, through
careless driving.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good,"
and the carriage makers got several good jobs.

AUCTION.—The household furniture of the
late Dr. John Nelson, will be sold at his late
residence on Court Street, on Monday after-
noon next, at 4 o'clock.

THE DRAFT.—A draft is ordered to take
place in this State as soon as the Provost
Marshal completes the necessary arrangement.

VARICOLOID.—We understand that there
are several cases of this disease in town.

X. X. STONEHAM.—The publication of
your communication would do no good. It
is of a personal nature, and consequently
would create much ill-feeling.

See the advertisement concerning the
Boston Advertiser, in another column.

From the Andover Advertiser.

WILMINGTON.

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of this town more than 45 years, a little
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meeting house has brought to my mind a
train of incidents which transpired long ago.
In the summer of 1792 we were destitute of
a minister in my native place, and I went
with others to "Wilmington meeting to
hear the Rev. Isaac Morrell, an excellent
man then advanced in years. He preached
in an ancient meeting-house which lasted
till the year 1813. His successor, the Rev.
Frederick Reynolds, was ordained October
29th, 1795, at a second trial, the first one be-
ing spent in wrangling and acrimonious dis-
putations. His preaching was highly ob-
jectionable to a large minority of his church
and people. I was a spectator at both of
these protracted, vociferous and angry dis-
cussions of the debaters. What amount of
education I realized I leave to those who
manifested their religion in their lives and con-
duct, instead of venting it in noisy controversy.
The opposition party by their un-
yielding spank and obstinacy were placed in
any attitude but a pleasant one. Our State
laws at that time made it the duty of every
inhabitant of a town except paupers, to be-
come a member and pay a tax for the sup-
port of a minister somewhere, and if it so
happened that a man had so sturdy a con-
science as to compel him to "sign off" for
"conscience sake" he must sign himself a
member to a different denomination from
that to which he formerly belonged. This
circumstance placed some of our good con-
scientious opposers in a bad "fix." For a
Congregationalist to be under the necessity
of becoming a member of a denomination
utterly repugnant to his feelings and creed,
for the purpose of having the liberty to suit
himself, reminds me of the man who sunk in
the sand-pit; the more he struggled the deeper
he sank. Unreasonable laws ought to
be of short continuance. The disaffected
party, not feeling like backing out, signed off
to distant places, to join different "per-
suasions." A small party, to rid themselves
of the perplexing inconsistency, wisely sold
their farms and left the town. In a short
time the seeders began to realize the effects
of secession and the inconsistency of uniting
with churches whose creeds were so dis-
similar to their own. Travelling to Salem and
other distant places "for conscience sake,"
on a day which God himself had set apart
as a day of rest, did not seem to harmonize
with the injunction "Remember the Sab-
ath day to keep it holy." On reflection,
these strong-willed men, in a short time, to
get out of the mortifying dilemma, adopted the
lesser evil and returned to their own church.
And what is very remarkable in the same year
(I believe 1830) of the repeal of the ob-
noxious restriction laws, Mr. Raymond's So-
ciety almost to a man, "signed off" and left
without support.

THE ATLANTIC.—The Treasurer of the
town of Woburn has in his possession, money
allotted by Jonas B. Chase, of Co. E., 10th
Mass. Regt., to Ira Chase. If the latter will
call upon the Treasurer, he will be happy to
pay over the amounts in his hands.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.—Through
the politeness of Adjutant General Schouler,
we have received his report for the year 1863.
It consists of 1022 pages, and gives a com-
plete history of the part Massachusetts has
taken during the past year in crushing the
great rebellion. Gen. Schouler deserves
much praise for the care he has evinced in
compiling this report, more especially as all
the labor in its preparation had to be per-
formed after he had concluded his daily and
laborious duties at the State House, and who-
ever is so fortunate as to get a copy will pre-
serve it as something well worth keeping.

ALLOTMENT MONEY.—The Treasurer of the
town of Woburn has in his possession, money
allotted by Jonas B. Chase, of Co. E., 10th
Mass. Regt., to Ira Chase. If the latter will
call upon the Treasurer

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

Married

In Charlestown, 7th inst., by Rev. L. Crowell, Mr. Rila Gilman to Miss Sarah A. Vose, both of Woburn.

In Wells, Me., 10th inst., by Rev. Giles Leach, Mr. Daniel Kimball, of Woburn, to Miss Susan Ames, of Hamilton, C. W.

In Woburn, 24th inst., by Rev. J. C. Bedford, Mr. J. C. Whitcher to Miss Celinda T. Fox, all of Woburn.

Died

In Woburn, April 23d—Michael Donahue, aged 23 years.

April 26th, Sally Newton, aged 76 years.

April 22d, Mr. John O'Brien, aged 48 years.

April 27th, Catherine Courts, aged 11 months, 4 days.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, April 30, 1864.

Brown, Charles E. Brown, Charles Choate, Mary L. Mrs. Emmons, Rebecca H. Gallagher, Katie Lee, Mary E. Mail closes at 6:45 A.M., and 12:30 P.M. NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

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A Commercial Paper of the Largest Size.

Contains every morning a Special Telegraphic Dispatch,

prepared in Washington by competent correspondents, and for no other Boston paper, One of the correspondents is now occupying the office of the Postmaster.

It also contains News of the Day, Latest Telegraphic Despatches; Judicial Local Reports; Foreign and Domestic Correspondence; Editorials; Editor's Table; Miscellaneous Journals; a correct Commercial Record and trustworthy Financial Information. The LETTERS, NOTES, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, and ART-ARTICLES are printed with care and impartiality. In short, our object is to make it a MODEL NEWSPAPER.

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TERMS—One copy, in advance, \$5. Three copies, \$10. Five copies, \$20.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts

MIDDLESEX SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of DAVID BALL, late of Reading, in said County, deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS Nancy Ball, Executrix of the said estate, has filed with the Probate Court her petition for license to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as will raise the sum of eleven thousand and four hundred dollars, for the payment of debts and charges of administration. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probaute Court to be held at Groton, in said County, on the 1st day of May, 1864, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same; and said Nancy Ball is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once weekly in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least, and to file a copy of the same.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executrix of the will of BENJAMIN CUTTER, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Physician, deceased, testate, and is called upon herself to trust by giving bonds, as the law requires. All persons to whom demands upon the estate of said deceased are requested to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to me.

MARY CUTTER, Executrix.

Woburn, April 26th, 1864. 31-3w.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS. COFFEE! COFFEE! COFFEE!

The East India Coffee Co.,

154 READE ST. (Three doors from Greenwich Street, N. Y., call universal attention to their

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

has all the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, and but half the price; and also that

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

has twice the strength of Java, or any other Coffee, and when used by our first class

coffee and steam-boats, the stews say there is a saving of 50 per cent.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. The weak and infirm may use it at all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. H. Brewster, a native of New Haven, Connecticut, who has not been able to use any coffee for five years, can use it.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

three times a day without injury, it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement.

The Rev. CLAURE, an eminent clergyman of the PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK EYE INFIRMARY says: "I direct all the patients of our Institution to use exclusively

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE,

and would not without it on any account."

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KENT'S EAST INDIA CO

Miscellaneous.

Spring Concert.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There's a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,
The program is rich, and the thickets are
In a grand, vaulted hall, where there's room
And to share,

With no gas light to eat up the oxygen there,
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,
They have compass of voice, and the gamut
Is by heart;

They have travelled abroad in the winter recess,
And sang to vast crowds with unbounded success,

And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies share,

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,
Which they hope will comply with with,
And may not regret,

They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told

'Twould injure their voices, and make them look old.

They invite you to come if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;

Their chorus is full are the sunbeam is born

Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn—

It was learned at Heaven's gate, with its

rapturous lays,

And may teach you, perhaps, its own spirit of praise.

Longest and Shortest.

The sweet west wind is flying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber of day light
On road, hill, and tree;
The cattle bells are ringing
Among the sloping downs,
And children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns.
"O summer day! so soon away!"
The happy-hearted sigh and say—
"Sweet is thy light, and sad thy flight,
And sad the words, Good-night!"
Good night!"

The wan white clouds are trailing
Low over the level plain;
And the wind brings, with it, wailing,
The chill of the coming rain.
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and leaves together
Whirl through the evening sky.

"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
The weary-hearted weep an i—
"Sad is thy light, and slow thy flight,
Sweet were the words Good-night!"
Good night!"

The Deacon's Mistake.

Wheeler was the name of a deacon who lived in the eastern part of New Hampshire some years since. He was a very pious man, and feared the Lord and hated the devil; but he had a weakness, nevertheless, like the rest of mankind, and that weakness was a pretty female face, which the good deacon was very fond of looking at, no matter whether it was in the church or in the street.

One day Mrs. Deacon Wheeler left her house and husband for the purpose of visiting a friend, leaving her children in the custody of Nancy Skellens, a good-looking but rather simple girl, who lived in the family.

The afternoon that Mrs. Wheeler left the house the deacon was at home doing some work about the building, and while thus employed he heard his youngest child crying so violently that he entered the house, and proceeded to the room where Nancy was endeavoring to comfort the little one.

Deacon Wheeler, said the parson, "you are charged with hugging and kissing Nancy Skellens, and the church would fain have you clear your skirts of such a crime. We expected better things of you, Deacon. We indeed, what have you to say in extenuation of the crime?"

"Brethren and sister," said the deacon, rising in all humiliation, and hanging his head, "I did kiss Nancy."

A terrible sensation in church. One or two of the sisters nearly fainted with excess of emotion, while the brothers groaned in chorus.

"But," continued the deacon, as soon as silence was obtained, "I thought that I was kissing Mrs. Wheeler."

"Oh!" cried the brethren and sisters, and concluded to admit the plea, while they examined Nancy Skellens.

Nancy had heard all that had passed, and she thought she saw an opening for an escape.

"Did the deacon kiss you?" asked the parson.

"Yes, sir," replied Nancy, with a simper.

"Why did you let him?" thundered the minister.

"Because," Nancy answered, "I thought that I was Nancy Wheeler."

Of course, after such testimony as that, the deacon and Nancy were not fit for the church, so they were expelled. The deacon is still alive, and Nancy is married, and the mother of half-a-dozen children.

Rev. C. H. Brigham, of Taunton, has written nine hundred and eighty-five sermons, buried three hundred and seventy-nine persons, and married one hundred and sixteen couples, during the last twenty years.

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL
BOOK AND JOB
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LYON'S PERIODICAL DROPS

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Middlesex Journal.

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : : NO. 32.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Death of the Young.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

Can the sigh be pour'd for the Early Dead,
On their pillows of dust reposing?
Should the tear of Pain, in that hour be shed,
When the earth o'er their slumbers is closing?
Should the winds of heaven in Evening's hour
Bear the sighs of laden bosom;
When the Young are borne from Affliction's power,
Like the Spring's unsullied blossoms?
Ere the blight of crime on the spirit came—
Ere passion awakened its inward flame;
While the heart was pure, while the brow was fair,
The records of Evil had gathered there?
They have passed from the shadows that haunt us round,
From the clouds that enthrall existence,
When we look at Youth in the backward ground,
And a Death in the forward distance!
No more will the sombre pall of Fate,
Like a mantle round them gather;
They have gone ere Affection grew desolate,
Or Hope's garland began to wither;
And they sleep like stars in the upper air;
When the skies of evening are deep and fair;
There's a halo of peace where their ashes lie,
At the earliest night-winds are hurrying by.
They are blest in death!—for no bitter care
Will the fevered bane be flushing;
They departed while Being was bright and fair,
While the fountains of Feeling were gushing;
Then let them sleep "in their lowly bed;"
Let slope be amidst our sorrow;
There is peace in the Night of the Early Dead
It will yield to a glorious morrow!
They will rise like buds from the glebe of spring,
When young birds play on the changeable wing;
They faded ere sin could beguile the breast;
They will waken in the regions of Endless Rest!

Select Literature.

MY AUNT TRICKS.

My Aunt Tricks was not the prettiest girl in—shite. In fact there was nothing superlative about her except that she was the dearest girl in the whole world.

How well I remember how delighted I was with the new relations which my grandfather's marriage with her mother bestowed on me, and how disgusted my father was with the whole affair. My father was Mr. Thorold's eldest son. The estate was strictly entailed, but there was personal property, and it was this which was in danger. Mrs. Gwyn's blandishments, which had already converted a gouty man of sixty into a devoted lover, might persuade him in a frenzy of uxorious imbecility to overlook the claims of his own family and to enrich herself and her daughter too.

Who Mrs. Gwyn was we none of us knew. But we all knew that her daughter was a great heiress. I heard my uncle Mr. Thorold the banker, and my uncle Mr. Thorold the clergyman, express themselves according to their kind on the subject.

"I wash my hands of the whole affair," said the first. I interpreted this Platian figure of speech into a resolve not to come again to Thorold House, but this proved my obtuseness. He only meant to exonerate himself from all responsibility, should the marriage be an unhappy one. As long as purple and fine linen, a French cook and a first-rate cellar, were to be found at The House (as we all call it), the lavatory process of cleansing us out of his memory was to be postponed.

"I will pray for my father, I will pray for both," said the clergyman. I supposed people were prayed for,—as in church, when very ill; and yet I had seen my grandfather set off on his matrimonial expedition looking younger and brisker than I had ever seen him. It must be Mrs. Gwyn then.

"Is Mrs. Gwyn ill?" I asked my father.

"Ill?—no indeed! I wish—"

"What?"

"She had never been born. Ill, indeed?"

I wished I could have asked for a more satisfactory explanation, but I saw the subject was a dangerous one. I took an opportunity, however, and asked my uncle.

"Did you pray for grandpapa because he was ill, or because he was wicked, Uncle James?"

"What unbecoming questions! how you grieve that fellow, Tom," turning to my father.

"But you said so, uncle."

My uncle looked carefully round the room; there was a servant absorbed in dusting and rubbing a table, but no one else was present but ourselves.

"Ahem! Wilfrid, I prayed for the happiness of my father, and of his wife."

Again he cleared his throat; but the expression with which he had uttered these words, after he perceived we were not entirely alone, was utterly different from the manner in which he had expressed himself in the morning. I was too young to fathom the reasons of this strange discrepancy, but I noticed them. The state of my mind as regarded this marriage was a chaotic confusion. I did not know whether I wished it or not. My two uncles lived in London, and only came down on periodic visits to Thorold House. My father, since the death of my mother, had lived with me there.

The Thorold House was a large, commodious house. No architect would have raved about the beauty of its architecture. It was not Saxon or Tudor, Greek or Italian, Elizabethan or Annian. It was simply a convenient, spacious mansion with large windows and lofty rooms. For me these are the three important requisites, but then I am a very inert fellow indeed, and no artist. Since our bereavement, my father and I lived at Thorold. It was very dull. I was only twelve, and I had no companions. My grandfather was, in the intervals of gout and misanthropy, a persevering scholar. My father an inveterate sportsman. I never saw the former at breakfast, and it was only at breakfast and dinner that I saw the latter. The curate of the neighboring village came up every day to give me lessons. My father had a prejudice against schools. I had friends among the boys of the village, but there was no friendship under protest. The monosyllabic "low" was often applied to my tastes and pursuits. But what was I to do? I had an immense fund of animal sports to work off, and there was no other outlet for them. There was John, to be sure.

Who was John? John was a ward of my father's, who also lived with us. I say ward, but in fact he was less a ward than a protege. He was the orphan son of an old friend of my father's, a naval officer who had died suddenly in the East, and had bequeathed his motherless boy to his old school-fellow and friend, Tom Thorold.

John was two-and-twenty, and to me that seemed an age of advanced manhood. He had been well educated by my father, and he now was waiting till the Thorold family influence could procure some employment for him. It was difficult to find it. John was really clever, but he was shy beyond everything that could be imagined. He was brave as a lion, upright, and generous, but this trifling disease of shyness prevented these good qualities from being appreciated as they deserved. More than this, it gave an expression of wretchedness to his face and dejection to his manner, which was very oppressive. I liked John, but I rarely sought him out, for there was no fun in him. No mischief had ever attracted him. He was painfully conscientious. All my misdemeanors assumed gigantic proportions when placed before me in the light they appeared to him.

"Indeed, Wilfrid," he would say, "I must burn my books if you persist in cramming from them. It is not honest."

"All very fine, but I did not get home till so late last night, I could not write my exercises, and old Torment (so I disrespectfully called my tutor) comes at 8 A. M."

"Why did not you get up early and do them yourself? I would have called you."

"What a bully you are, John!"

And John would blush scarlet, and deplore such an accusation, and I would retreat with something worse, a d my father would come in and ask John for an explanation, and John would hesitate, and, between his morbid love for truth and his desire to screen me, become utterly unutterable. My father would then shrug his shoulders and say,

"Really, John, you are too old to have these perpetual quarrels with Wilfrid," and John would retire, really provoked and hurt at such an accusation, but find it impossible to clear himself.

I tried once or twice to set it right with my father, but he would not listen.

"There, there, I have no time to attend to your squabbles. John is a good fellow, but rather pragmatical, I think."

I would strive for a time to do what was right for the sake of pleasing John, and showing I attended to what he said, but the weakness of my nature soon made me trip again, and with the usual justice of sinners, being angry with myself, I revenged myself by being especially irritating and tiresome to John. But still he had an influence; and not only on me, but on all of us. My uncles appeared almost to ignore his existence. They had expostulated with my father upon the preposterous notion of taking charge of him, and then, as usual, the washing of the hands and the prayer process, had been gone through, and he was ostensibly forgotten. With my usual quickness of observation, I saw, however, that when the clergyman uttered some very pious observation, he often looked at John for approval; and that in the midst of some intense gormandizing, when apoplectic manifestations about the flushed cheeks and thick breathing were painfully visible, the banker would fidget and look uncomfortable if John came into the room. Shy, awkward, painfully modest, as John was, he had unconsciously impressed all who came near him with a sense that he had a loftier estimate of character than most persons. Even my grandfather was chary of swearing and raging before him. I was delighted to see the effect obtained, more for mischief's sake than anything else, of course; and I was also very curious to discover how it had been produced. In the fairy land of my childhood days there were tales told of persons who possessed an amulet against evil. I was too old to believe that now, and not old enough to appreciate to its full extent the fact, that noble integrity of character and loving sweetness of disposition formed the true amulet after all, though the casket which held it might be ungainly in appearance and most difficult to open.

The only individual who had never uttered

a single comment on my grandfather's marriage was John, and yet he was the only person immediately affected by it. My grandfather had told my father that he should want the two rooms John had hitherto occupied—a sitting room and study—for his step daughter, Miss Gwyn. As soon as he returned from his honeymoon, Mr. Thorold was going to give a series of parties, and receive a number of visitors, and every corner of Thorold House would be occupied.

"Would John mind for a time sleeping in the small play-room outside Wilfrid's room?"

My father was vexed, but there was no help.

He mentioned it to John, and John looked

grave, but was sure.

"Not at all necessary, my dear fellow," said my father, "to move immediately. I have written to my father to make other suggestions, and it is needless to disturb him till I receive the answer."

"You said her name was Tricks. I heard you call her so."

"No, no, her name is Beatrice; but you are not far wrong—we did call her Tricks once, and you may call her so if you like."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Tricks," I repeated, for I saw she was vexed.

She put her hand in mine for a moment, but she kept aloof from me the rest of the evening.

It was the pleasantest evening that had been ever known at Thorold House. My grandfather did not doze for a moment, and was in good humor, though awake. My father was absolutely talkative. As oil softens the ruffled sea, as cream tempers the asperities of black coffee, as eider-down quilts modify bare sofas, was the effect of Mrs. Thorold on us all, and it was an influence which never left us from that moment.

Buried in an arm-chair, speaking only in the lowest voice, and at intervals, she always managed to maintain and direct conversation on the pleasantest subjects, which were treated with the greatest interest.

"What?"

"I am in hopes of receiving a favorable reply from a schoolfellow, to whom I have written about my desire of finding employment. I know that it is possible that he may be sent abroad, and I think he will want a tutor."

"Who was John?"

John was a ward of my father's, who also lived with us. I say ward, but in fact he was less a ward than a protege. He was the orphan son of an old friend of my father's, a naval officer who had died suddenly in the East, and had bequeathed his motherless boy to his old school-fellow and friend, Tom Thorold.

But John Tyrrell was two-and-twenty, and to me that seemed an age of advanced manhood. He had been well educated by my father, and he now was waiting till the Thorold family influence could procure some employment for him. It was difficult to find it. John was really clever, but he was shy beyond everything that could be imagined. He was brave as a lion, upright, and generous, but this trifling disease of shyness prevented these good qualities from being appreciated as they deserved. More than this, it gave an expression of wretchedness to his face and dejection to his manner, which was very oppressive. I liked John, but I rarely sought him out, for there was no fun in him. No mischief had ever attracted him. He was painfully conscientious. All my misdemeanors assumed gigantic proportions when placed before me in the light they appeared to him.

"You are right, John; that would be an opening; it is the right thing, at all events—and yet—and yet—it will be a deuced bore not having you here. I wish to Heaven if tutor you must be, you could be tutor to Wilfrid; but I can't afford it."

It occurred to me that if my father had limited his expenses in horses and hounds, there might have been a way for John to remain with us; but how many men, and kind and generous ones too, never dream that the cutting off of some entirely superfluous luxury will enable them to be liberal in some less showy expenditure. But all the Thorolds had hunted; and to have a horse less in the stables and a dog less in the kennel was not to be thought of.

I also admired the cool way in which John had extricated himself from what was certainly a false position. He might have been kept dawdling for ever at Thorold; for it was the manner of Thoroldians to leave all as much as possible in *status quo*. There would always have been a talk of finding employment for him; but unless it had dropped from the sky, or started from the earth, it would never have come, the search was so desultory and dilatory, and his strong youth would have passed into old age while he still hesitated at Thorold House.

As John never spoke of himself, we did not know how much most of his schoolfellow loved him. I have since heard that no boy had ever passed through the trying ordeal of a public school with so many fast friends and so few foes.

John's removal had only just been effected in time. The very next morning we received a letter announcing Mr. and Mrs. Thorold's return.

"Am I to call her grandmamma, I wonder?" said I to John, as we sat together in the library waiting for them.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And her daughter?—there is a daughter, you know."

"She must be called Miss Gwyn, I should think."

"But she is a relation now. Let me see; her mamma is my father's father's wife, she is my mamma now—and her daughter must be his sister."

"Not really his sister."

"In law, of course—but then she must be my aunt; just fancy John, my aunt. What fun to have quite a young aunt!"

I jumped about, and on the strength of this nepotism ran up and down the avenue to the house for half an hour. At last they

arrived.

My father had been to meet them, and entered the room with his stepmother on his arm; a fair, very tall, languid-looking woman.

"This is my grandson," she said, in a kind, indolent voice. "You must call me grandmamma now."

"She stooped and kissed my forehead,

"This is John Tyrrell," said my father; "also one of us."

She started with glad surprise, and held out both her hands to the blushing John.

"Are you a Gwyn Tyrrell?" she asked.

"No," said my father; "at least, I think not. He is the son of my old friend John Tyrrell, of the Britannia. I never heard his name was Gwyn."

"I am so anxious to find a missing relative of ours, a Gwyn Tyrrell, that I seize upon every one of the name of Tyrrell, in the hope that he may at last discover him."

She then slowly dropped into a chair.

"Where is Beatrice?" she asked, but in a voice so low that I only heard the last syllable. "What an odd name, I thought."

"Here I am, mamma;" and a tiny sprite of a girl came forward, who looked about my own age, though in fact she was some two years older.

"Come and speak to your new friends, my dear. This is Mr. Tyrrell, and this is—

"My nephew, I suppose," said the girl, laughing.

"How do you do, Miss Gwyn?" stam-

mered out John, taking the hand she offered to him.

"How do you do, Aunt Tricks?" said I, in a loud voice.

I am sorry to say that this piece of boyish folly was greeted with a shout of laughter from my grandfather, (who had just entered, and stood beside his wife,) from my father, and from Mrs. Thorold. But the young lady looked dreadfully abashed; she blushed, and all but began to cry, and did not let go John's hand, as if it was some support in such a trying moment.

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Miscellaneous.

What can a Child do.

Suppose the little cowslip,
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away!"
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was gone,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a sunny day,
Should make themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way.
Who would not miss the smallest?
And softest ones that blow?
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so!

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too?
It wants a living spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love.

SHRINKAGE OF HAY.—The loss upon hay weighed July 20th, when cured enough to be put in the barn, and again February 20th, has been ascertained to be 27 1/2 per cent. So that hay at \$15 a ton in the field, is equal to \$20 and upward when weighed from the now in winter.

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that "He was one of the few. You cannot find his equal you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try.

Quip says that women will pardon a great deal to their own sex unless they are guilty of beauty. When they say they "don't like the looks of that woman," you may be pretty certain that men do! Quip's better look out for his hair.

A MODEST MAN.—A bashful and newly-married fireman, astonished a dry goods dealer last week, when shopping for "garments," by asking for "hose clamps." The shopman was puzzled, and the fireman explained.

LINES ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A HYMN BOOK.

I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear death, that shall I do?
I cannot listen as I ought,
Unless he listens, too.

What plague these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar.

During an examination, a medical student was asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered No."

The distinguished individual known among the ancients as Cupid has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony.

WHO BLAMES HIM?—An English wife and mother, exasperated at being beaten and kicked by her husband, brained the brute with a broom-stick. A London court justified the deed.

The poet should describe, as the painter sketches Irish peasant girls and Danish fishwives, adding the beauty and leaving out the dirt.

Some men are kinder to the occupants of their kennels than to their families. They will treat wife and children like dogs, but not dogs themselves so.

When Jeff. Davis is in want of a meal he can always make fritters of the Confederate Constitution, says Prentice.

The Maid of Judah is announced from Melbourne with 3200 ounces of gold. Brown says that's the maid for him.

Do not stop too long to weep over split milk.

THE SLAVES OF PREJUDICE.—DEATH ROUNDED OFF HIS PIES.—There are queer people in the world; people with the most absurd, unreasonable, and indefensible prejudices. For example, we have met with individuals who had a morbid antipathy to anything that was extensively advertised, no matter what might be its actual claims to the confidence of the public. These eccentricities looked with especial disdain on advertised medicines. They could not see, for example, in Dr. HOLLOWAY's magnificient system of advertising, covering, as it does, all the mediums of publicity with which the world abounds, anything but a gigantic scheme of mere speculation. They could not gainsay the testimony pouring in spontaneously from the highest sources, in favor of his incomparable Pies and Ointments, but still they shook their heads and muttered, "humbug." Of course, there is no possibility of arguing with them alone. Fortunately, such specimens of stupidity are "few and far between" in this enlightened era. The general feeling is, that if a thing is in itself excellent, its virtue should be proclaimed to the four winds of heaven, for the general benefit of mankind. Hence, the proclamations made by Dr. HOLLOWAY, through the entire newspaper press of the world, of the properties and operation of his remedies, meets with the cordial approval of thinking men. The value of the preparations as specifics for the various internal and external complaints peculiar to different climates or common to the world at large, is conceded, not only by the masses, but by governments, men of science, and distinguished observers in every walk of life. Can such remedies be too widely known? Impossible!—Cin. "Inder Columbian."

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IRON IN THE BLOOD.

IT is well known to the Medical Profession that the Vital Principle or Life Element of the Blood, is IRON. This is derived chiefly from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested, or if, from any cause, the iron in the blood is not taken into the system, the circulation becomes reduced, the whole system suffers. The bad blood will irritate the heart, will clog up the vessels, and will deprive the body of oxygen, and will send its disease producing elements to all parts of the system, and every one will suffer to a great extent. The best way to prevent iron deficiency is to take a dose of IRON CONSTITUTION.

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The Great Female Remedy!
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VOL. XIII. : No. 33.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
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Poetry.

A Mother's Prayer.

Father! in the battle fray,
Shelter his dear head I pray!
Nerve his young arm to the might
Of Justice, Liberty and Right.
Where the red heel deadlines falls,
Where stern duty loudly calls,
Where the strife is fierce and wild,
Father! guard, oh! guard my child!

Where the foot rush swift and strong,
Madly striving for the wrong;
Where the clashing arms men wield
Ring above the battle-field;
Where the stifling air is hot
With bursting shell and whistling shot;
Father! to my boy's brave breast
Let no treacherous hand be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart—
Frail and weak in every part—
Wanders from thy mercy seat
After those dear roving feet;
Let thy tender, pitying grace,
Every selfish thought erase;
If this mother-love be wrong—
Pardon, bless and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night
Shut the bright world from my sight—
When around the cheerful fire
Gather brothers, sisters, sire—
There I miss my boy's bright face
From his old familiar place;
And my sad heart wanders back
To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep—
Waking—wearily to weep
Often dreaming the he is near
O'er the battle-field of fire—
Often startled by the flash
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,
Till the cannon's smoke and roar
Hide him from my eyes once more!

Thus I dream and hope and pray
All the weary hours away;
But I know his cause is just,
And I centre all my trust
In thy promise:—As thy day
So shall thy strength be—always!
Yet I need thy guidance still!
Father! let me do thy will!

If new sorrow should befall—
If my noble boy should fall—
If the bright head I have blessed
On the cold earth finds its rest—
With all the mother's heart
Torn, and quivering with the smart,
I yield him 'neath thy chastening rod,
To his Country and his God!

Select Literature.

MY AUNT TRICKSY.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER II

I said that Thorold House was dull. From that moment it ceased to be so. To me the presence of Tricksy transfigured the place. I never wanted companionship now; she was two years my senior, but in all games and sports she was my contemporary. She was far more childish than I was, she had always lived a sedentary and quiet life in a town; this freedom and out-of-door life was a perfect boon to her, she grew fast, roses bloomed on her pale little cheeks, and she became wild with health and spirits.

She soon became the darling of the house, she and I were inseparable, and what delightful games and jokes, and rides and campers we had! Her mother allowed her entire liberty, I do not suppose Mrs. Thorold ever contradicted any one in her life. The only difficulty was, that she sometimes assented to two wholly incompatible propositions. When appealed to, she would fold her white hands together and say, "Settle it among yourselves." She had taken a most incomprehensible fancy to John, she would ask him sometimes to accompany Tricksy and me in our wild expeditions, but we did not like it; we were happier by ourselves; I am certain I was, and Tricksy was always a little naughty with him. It was impossible she could be otherwise, he was so silent or so formal with her, she Miss Gwyned her so determinedly. She sometimes joined with me in teasing him, she always took my part when he and I differed in opinion as to some of my evil deeds. She laughed at him most unmercifully, she used to pretend to be a little jealous of her mother's regard for him; in fact, I must confess that sometimes she was rather provoking in her conduct towards him. I remember one day we were all three riding together. We two were in the wildest spirits and had been racing. Tricksy was absolutely fearless, and rode admirably.

"I wonder," she said to me, "if we couldn't give John the slip, he rides in such a jog-trot, absent manner. At the first by-way we get to, we will leave the high road." No sooner said than done. We turned to the right, and our spirited little ponies flew like birds down a lane. "Wouldn't I give anything to see John's face," she said.

Unfortunately she did not know, and I had forgotten, that the lane was almost a *cul de sac*. It ended in a water-mill. By the side of a foaming little stream was a steep paved path, down which a horse could be led, but which it would have been certain death to have galloped down. In fact, from where we were, we could see no egress whatever. At that moment there was a rapid gallop behind us.

"Stop!" called out John, "Stop; I insist upon it!"

"No—no," said Tricksy.

But in a moment he had passed us, was off his horse, with his reins round his left, and with his right hand he was forcibly

curbing in Tricksy's pony; and in spite of her anger—she threatened to cut him with her whip, and did, I believe, make a dash at his hand with it—he succeeded in turning it round. I had stopped in sheer amazement. Tricksy was not going to be defeated in that inglorious manner.

"You can turn the pony, but you can't turn me," she said, and she slipped off her pony and ran on.

"Come, Wilfrid," but I was too occupied in staring at John to mind her. He was quite pale, and seemed trembling from head to foot.

"She might have been killed," he said to me in a reproachful manner.

"Killed!"

"Don't you know that this is Gap Lane?" He looked round after her; the dainty little figure was running down the lane. "Think of her mother," he said, "and be careful of her. It would kill Mrs. Thorold if anything happened to Miss Gwyn."

He mounted and turned back, leaving me holding Tricksy's pony.

After ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, she returned; but her step was very slow, and her eyes looked red.

We went home, but the enjoyment of our ride was over. I told her how sorry I was had forgotten the peculiar character of that lane.

"I was very obstinate," she murmured. Nothing was said more about it, but that evening, as we all sat by the fire, Mrs. Thorold, as she watched John, who was playing at chess with her, called out suddenly, "What is the matter, John—your wrist is all bruised."

John gave such a start that the table fell over, and the commotion which it caused in the circle drew attention from what she had said; but Tricksy's eyes and mine met; hers were full of tears.

The next day I observed a maternal tenderness in Mrs. Thorold's manner to John, but she never alluded to the subject.

My uncles had been invited to be presented to Mrs. Thorold. They were quite obsequious to her, and I, who knew what they had said about the marriage, was disgusted with them. I confided my feelings to Tricksy, and we agreed that they were "horrid."

But they were not only obsequious to Mrs. Thorold, they were absolutely servile to Tricksy. For the first time since I had known her, I saw her assume towards them a coldness and hauteur of manner which changed the frolicksome child into the proud and reserved young lady. I once overheard them say to my father, "What a good thing it would be if Miss Gwyn would take a fancy to Wilfrid!"

"Yes," added the clergyman, with fervor, "It shows how everything is over-ruled for good. Who would have thought Miss Gwyn was a millionaire?"

"But I think," continued the banker,

that you are imprudent in keeping open house, as it were. She will be snapped up before you are aware of it, and think what a loss it would be. It is a good thing that poor John is so awkward and plain, or I should advise your getting rid even of him."

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person who is buying his paper discount, must give notice thereof in the insertion of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .95
One square (14 lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .70
One square one year, .90
One square six months, .45
One square three months, .40
Half a square one year, .60
Half a square six months, .30
Half a square three months, .25
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Large advertisements will be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

Boston, Reading, E. T. MOODY,
Woburn—J. W. HOWE,
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. H. NILES (successor to V. B. Palmer), Boston, and W. C. COOPER, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and it is hoped they will be equally as large next week. It is requested that the articles be handed in as early as possible, at the Woburn Book-store.

Every kind of job PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864

THE CAMPAIGN.

The greatest struggle of the war is now developing itself in blood stained Virginia. Tidings of great slaughter are heralded broadcast with every click of the telegraph battery, and play with fearful force upon the heart strings of aged parents, brothers and sisters. With what mingled trembling and despair are the long lists of killed and wounded scanned. Aged eyes, long since grown dim, look for the name to them most dear; and if met—oh can measure the depth of feeling within? Who on earth can say to that troubled heart, "Peace, be still?" Let those who have lost dear ones receive the deepest sympathy from all—they need it.

But this dark, clouded has a silver lining. The blood of these martyrs—heroes will cement in closer bonds than ever, our distracted country; and those who now appear to despise it will one day cherish it with as great a love as did the patriots of '76. With what pride will the patriots of to-day hand down to posterity the history that has made them immortal. This noble legacy will be great enough to last through all time and will cover with a halo of glory the memory of those who made it. Men of to-day, you ought to thank God that it has fallen to your lot to live in such a time and to take part in one of the greatest and most glorious contests that ever engaged the power of man.

Let us look for a moment the contest itself. Ever since Grant moved his forces last week, there has been a succession of most fearful battles. At times he has been hard pressed, but his indomitable will, backed by a

brave army as ever, trod the ground, surmounted all obstacles, and when the smoke of battle passed away, victory was with us. No flinching was observable, but every man stood like a bulwark, determined to do or die. The army of the Potomac is no longer useless, except to repel attacks; it has gone forth and met Lee on his chosen ground and beaten him; and to-day it holds the backbone of the rebellion in its grasp—and it will be broken before that grasp is loosened.

Lee has found his match in Grant, and no longer is he master of the situation. But the fighting is not all over. Much remains to be done. We must be patient with our noble defenders and consider deeply the great privations and hardships they have undergone during the momentous days of this week and last. In Virginia, where treason first built its stronghold, we will give it its death blow, and end in disgrace what was commenced in dishonor. Truly the hours of the coming week will be freighted with momentous tidings. If they should be tidings of victory, then the worst is over, and the wished for day of peace will begin to dawn. Everything looks favorable for a complete victory. The rebels have every available man with Lee, and we have met and repelled the most formidable onset he can make. His last resort will be the defences of Richmond, and the capture of these will be a mere matter of time.

"SHALL WE SUCCUMBE ED. GREEN?"—We have received a copy of a small work bearing this title. We have read it, and cannot see any good reason why he should not be "succumbed." If he is allowed to go unpunished, we have no guarantee for our lives. It is the fear of death that deters many a hand, uplifted to commit murder, from carrying out its awful purpose. No community can afford to have one of its citizens shot down in cold blood at noonday, without the culprit receiving the full penalty of the law. Some of the arguments put forth in this volume why Green should not be hung, are extremely impotent and lame, and carry no weight with them whatever. We sincerely pity Green, much more his family, but nevertheless we cannot close our eyes to the stern fact that the halter is his just due.

"THE REBEL GENERALS JONES AND JENKINS, reported killed in the great battles in Virginia, were active guerrilla leaders, and during the past two years of the war, figured conspicuously in Western Virginia, and elsewhere, doing us often very much mischief in their raids. Both of them were very effective cavalry men. Pickett who was badly wounded, lately commanded in North Carolina.—Jenkins was with Beauregard at Charleston, and Jones was in Western Virginia.

"A LARGE BUSINESS.—A dry goods' firm on Devonshire street, Boston, paid during the past week a license of \$17,500, which is the sum required of a firm selling between six and seven millions of dollars worth of goods annum.

"AMONG THE 24,000 nine months' men from Massachusetts there were 23 John Williams, 21 John Smiths, 50 John Browns, and 18 William Smiths.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—We publish below a list of Woburn Soldiers, so far as known, wounded in the late battles. The lists come slowly, but it is probable that a full statement will be received in a day or two:—

Co. K, 39th Regt.—J. P. Downing, finger; Newell Z. Tabor, leg; Otis S. Harris, finger; Micah B. Baldwin, finger; Cyrus A. Eaton, leg; John McCarty, foot; Geo. H. Reddy, leg; Sylvester Murray, thigh; Sergt. Wm. McDowell, hand.

Co. A, 12th Regt.—James Kerton, hip.

Co. F, 22d Regt.—Geo. W. Cobbett, leg.

Co. D, 28th Regt.—Capt. Theop. F. Page, thigh.

THE DRAFT.—The Provost Marshal has issued a tabular statement, showing the quotas, credits, deficiencies and surplus in the various districts and sub-districts in the State, under the three last calls of the President. Woburn is deficient, 31; Winchester, 1; Stoneham, 5; South Reading, 6; Reading, 11; North Reading, 5; Burlington and Lexington, 20. Wilmington's quota is full. The draft to fill the quota of Woburn commences on Tuesday next.

THE WOBURN EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION call upon the people of Woburn for further contributions of clothing for the contrabands at Newbern. The donations during the present week were quite large, and it is hoped they will be equally as large next week. It is requested that the articles be handed in as early as possible, at the Woburn Book-store.

THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE have voted to instruct the teachers in our different schools to request those children whose parents have not forbidden them to do so, to bow their heads during prayer time. In taking this step, we believe the Committee have chosen the best course, under the circumstances.

WOBURN BANK.—The Directors and stock-holders of the Woburn Bank have under consideration a proposition for its organization under the National Currency Act of the United States. The question will be decided at an early day.

WHITE RAT.—Mr. A. F. Onion caught this week, at his fish market, a white rat. It is not often one of this species is captured. It was fat and quite tame, so much so that it would eat composedly anything that was put into the trap.

R. R. TRAINS.—A change has been made in the time for running trains on the Lowell R. R. and its branches, as will be seen by advertisement in another column. An additional train now leaves Woburn Center at 7:40 and connects at Winchester with the first train from Lowell.

LARGE TAX.—A resident of Winchester, doing business in East Cambridge, pays an income tax of \$2,500.

SOLDIERS AND SEAMEN.—A circular has been issued by the Committee on Hospitals of the Great Central Fair for the U. S. Sanitary Commission, to be held at Philadelphia in June, calling upon Soldiers and Seamen to contri but e sketches of incidents worthy of notice, which have transpired during their time of service, for a volume to be written, printed and sold by themselves at the Fair. Any soldier or seaman wishing to contribute, can do so through Mrs. S. Edgell Davis. Below we publish the circular.

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PRINTING
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Main Street, Woburn.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS.

INSURANCE POLICIES.

BANK CHECKS.

CIRCULARS.

PROGRAMMES.

PAMPHLETS.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

LEGAL BLANKS.

BILL HEADS.

CATALOGUES.

SERMONS.

NOTE BOOKS.

BLANK RECEIPTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ADDRESS CARDS.

BALL CARDS.

ORDER OF DANCES.

SHOW BILLS.

POSTERS.

AUCTION BILLS.

SHOP BILLS.

MILK BILLS.

LABELS,

etc., etc.

Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and

Business Cards.

Persons in the adjoining towns who may wish printing done, can send their orders by mail, or otherwise, and rest assured that they will be promptly and correctly filled.

JOURNAL PRINTING ROOMS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL

This Medicine is of long tried efficacy for correcting all disorders incidental to the female sex. That the afflicted may feel assured that this Cordial is truly valuable and worthy their confidence, not one of those secret compounds can be found in it, and it has been recommended from physicians who all favor the Eclectic and Reformed Practice of Medicine.

Dr. W. C. DAVIS, Esq.—Dear Sir: We

have purchased of you the last part of June last, calling the American Hot Air Cooking Stove, in all respects as recommended; and we could not be induced to part with it under any circumstances but were induced to do so by the price of the same kind. To make a long story short, it is in every particular, it bakes, broils, roasts and boils, etc., etc., being very economical in the way of fuel, and with a very small quantity of fuel (which has been used), as it is capable of doing the same work much quicker. Should you have any call on me for the same, I will be pleased to furnish you with the American Hot Air Cooking Stove. Respectfully Yours, C. H. MCKINSTRY.

Canajoharie, N.Y., June 1, 1863.

MR. G. P. STOCKWELL.—Dear Sir: Last

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Fairfield, Conn., April 17, 1863.

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Middlesex

Woburn.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : : NO. 34.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

He Sleeps where he Fell.

He sleeps where he fell 'mid the battle's roar,
With his comrades true and brave;
And his form we shall see no more,
In rests in a hero's grave;

Where the rebel foe in his might came forth,
With all his power and pride;

And our gallant men from the rugged North
Like patriots fought and died,

He sleeps near the hill where bright flowers
grow,

In the wildest woodland shade;

Where the valley stream, in the dell below,
With an echo fills the glade;

Where the boating lines of the traitor-South
Tiled up, o'er the grassy banks,

Till the bursting shells from our cannon's
mouth,

Fling death in their broken ranks.

He sleeps 'neath the sod where I prayerfully
kneel,

While the enemy round me stood,

As I took from the corsie battle-belt,

Still wet with his hero's warm blood;

And I the summer day closed its light on earth,

And my soul grew sad with pain,

As they bore me away with oaths and mirth,

Over piles of the bleeding slain.

He sleeps where the blest of our glorious dead
Were left on the sacred land;

Where the daring deeds, ere his spirit fled,

He led with a bold command!

He sleeps—yes, he sleeps, undisturbed by
war,

Though tyrants tramp o'er his breast;

For with those who slumber in glory afar,
He takes an immortal rest.

Fort Delaware.

Select Literature.

THE PRICE OF A MERE SONG.

When the Dutch were masters of the now somewhat populous island of Manhattan, they day emulated in the dense woods, nearly opposite where the pretty rural town of Astoria now stands, a quaint little French convent, occupied by certain good missionaries of the Franciscan order. Conspicuous among these gentlemen, as well for his gravity of deportment as for his personal graces, was one known as the Abbé de Fleury. He was a tall, spare man, about forty-five years of age, with an expression of geniality in his handsome features, which not even the severe gurb and stern mien of the monk could altogether conceal.

Gossip had it that Father de Fleury—whose monkish designation, by the way, was "Père Oriel"—had been a fast man in his day; but, as that is fitting, his character as a *religieux* was unexceptional, and the only trace of worldliness that remained with him was his cultivation of the arts of music and painting, in which he excelled.

About those days it was customary for the Dutch burghers to resort, in the summer season, to the woods bordering on the East river, for the enjoyment of the cool shade and rural relaxation afforded by those pleasant groves. One fine afternoon in June, a party of four young men sailed forth from the town, with the view of enjoying a rustic picnic. They selected an open glade of the forest, not far distant from the French convent, as their rendezvous; and, as became sons of the wealthy and luxurious class, they brought with them, in hamper slung upon a sturdy French pony, the materials for a very elegant repast, not forgetting a supply of good old wine from their fathers' cellars.

While lazily basking in the dappled sun-shine, and sipping their Bourdeaux, the attention of the young revelers was attracted by the mellow strains of a manly voice, the cadence of which came vibrating through the tree-stems with a sweet languor quite in accordance with the hour and the mood. As they listened, they recognized the air, which was that of a love-song well known to the swains of fair Normandy, and equally familiar to the young Hollanders here introduced, who were of cultivated tastes and well versed in the ravishing music of France.

"Hark!" cried Arnold Van Bruycker, "there's a song-bird somewhere in the glade, let us steal through the bushes and surprise it. We are getting sleepy here, and our conditions require music to restore their flagging energies. Come along!"

Stealing cautiously through the vine-tangled underbrush in the direction of the sound, our young Robins discovered it proceeded from a grave man in the garb of a priest, who sat upon the stem of a fallen tree, and exercised a remarkably fine tenor voice in a series of trills and tremolos that would have been creditable to a professional artist of the operatic school.

A smothered burst of laughter from the inconsiderate young men warned the reverend singer that he was discovered, when, dropping his voice at once, he drew from his bosom a small book, and began to read it with great assiduity.

"This won't do," said Arnold Van Bruycker. "We must have our musical entertainment, if we have to fight for it. Hallo, Sir Priest, shut up your missal, and open your mouth. We are merry companions here, and would hear some of the warmest songs of Normandy interpreted by a voice so worthy of the theme as yours. Sing, then, sing, nightingale, sing!"

Bowing his head meekly over his missal, the abbe waved a negative, and then, rising with dignity from his tree-stem, prepared to separate himself from a company that seemed

so little suited to one of his staid deport-
thing but graceful, and by no means a value
for the songs you got out of me. Come now,
see how you can acquit yourself with the
rapier!"

The fight was a very brief one. In less
than two minutes Arnold found himself over-
matched and disarmed, with a severe wound
in his sword-arm. Surgeon as well as soldier
and priest—he had been many a thing in his
day—De Fleury dressed his wound for him,
and assisting him to the boat, dropped down
the river with him, to the landing whence
they had started in the morning.

"Good boy, my young sir," said De Fleury,
when he had landed his passenger with care.
"I shall be a priest again in half an hour,
but shall always be happy to resume the
cavalier to oblige you. Remember that there
are cheaper things in this world than a mere
song."

Leaving Out New England.

[From an eloquent speech made by Thomas Williams, of Pennsylvania, in Congress, on April 29th, 1864.]

Leave out New England in the cold! I
am no Yankee. No drop of my blood has
ever filtered through that stratum of humanity;
I claim, however, to be a man. I think I
love liberty above all things. I know that
I can respect and admire courage, and con-
stancy, and high thought, and heroic achievement,
wherever I may find them. I would not
quarrel even with an overstrung philan-
thropist. I can always excuse the errors
that lean on the side of virtue, and find fa-
tination much more readily in that devi-
tion of slavery, that would be willing to
sacrifice not only all New England but even
the Union itself upon its horrid altars, than
in those noble spirits whose sin is only their
excessive love for man. I may speak there-
fore without prejudice.

Leave out New England in the cold! I
doubt whether even this would chill her
brave heart, or quiet its tumultuous thrum-
bings for humanity. Though no ardent
southern sun has quickened her pulses, or
kindled her blood into lava, no frigid neu-
trality has ever frozen her into stone, when
the interest of liberty appealed to her for
protection. She has been ever faithful to the
memory of the great idea which brought her
founders across the ocean, as the only colony
that landed in this newly discovered hemi-
sphere, upon any other errand than the
search for gold. I cannot forget that it was
this proscribed race that inaugurated the
Revolution, by forging in their capital the
thunderbolts that smote the tyranny of Eng-
land, and dyed their garments with its first
blood off and have him killed, as she would
have no dog about the house. He did not
want to kill him, he was such a good dog; but
he supposed he should have to do so, and he
thought he should tie a rope around a
stone, and throw him into the Potomac. He
said he would sell him for five cents; the
lady told him she would give him a quarter.
He accepted the offer at once, as this would
give him spending money for a week. The dog
appeared to be a cross of several breeds,
but had long, shaggy ears, that hung down
under his neck. The lady led him home,
and he was very intelligent, and soon became
a great favorite in the family. They named
him "Sailor."

A Rhode Island battery was near there,
and the ladies carried supplies to the sick
soldiers. Sailor used to go with them, and a
gunner by the name of John Barry took quite
a liking to the dog, and when he went on an
errand to Georgetown, Sailor would frequently
follow him back to camp; and finally he
concluded a military life was the best suited
to him, and he left the family altogether, and
took up his abode with John Barry and the
battery.

Often when the battery was out practicing,
when the dense smoke would roll out from
the mouth of the gun, Sailor has been seen
to jump into the smoke and catch a mouthful
and shake it, as though he had something
real in his mouth.

But the battery was ordered to the front,
and participated in the second battle of Bull
Run. Let me digress a moment, just to say
that our wounded and dead had to be remov-
ed or buried under a flag of truce, this was
humiliating, but nevertheless true. The field
was some five miles long, and perhaps three
broad, covered thick with wounded and dead.

A friend of mine left my house, under the
auspices of the Christian Commission, early
on Saturday morning, for the battle-field, and
arrived there that evening and worked night
and day until the Thursday evening, carrying
off our wounded from this battle-field.

There is no doubt many of our poor soldiers
starved to death; others suffered awfully
from thirst. Thursday evening, just at dark,
they came to an old apple-tree, under which
five of our soldiers had dragged themselves
to protect them from the rays of the sun
by day and dews by night. They had
only one ambulance, and this would carry
only four. They must leave one of these men
under the tree, alone in this vast field; and
which one should they leave? One of them
had been wounded in the head by a piece of
shell; it was a bad wound; his head was
dy-blown, and maggots could be seen plainly;
and as they thought he could not live long,
they left him there alone under that tree.

He was sensible, and could talk, and did not
want to be left there alone to die. I have
thought if I had been there I would have
brought him off on my back, if I had done
it by short stages. But they could not bring
him off; and a rebel officer rode up to our
picket the next morning, and told them he
was alive then, and could talk. This is all
we know of him.

John Barry was on the same battle-field,
one of his legs broken, and no one to give
him help. He suffered all but death; no one
came to his aid. Sailor stayed by him, and
occasionally did all he could to attract atten-
tion to Barry, but no one came. He finally
came to the conclusion to send him off to
Georgetown, (over forty miles,) as a bearer
of dispatches. He felt his pocket over, and
found an old yellow envelope, and a piece of
pencil. He wrote on the former—“I am
wounded and on the battle-field,” and signed
his name to it, folded it up about as large as
a quarter-dollar, put it in one of Sailor's
pockets, and tied his ears under his neck and
told him to go.

One of the wittiest sayings in the English
language is Douglas Jerrold's definition of
dogmatism—that it is pugnacious come to
mattock.

The Bangor Times says—“Crown upon
mill is the only article that has not risen of
late—at least so far as our experience goes.”

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Elm Tree.

I rejoice to behold thee once more, dear old
tree!

Once more I give greeting to thee!

I rest in thy shade once more, and the birds
Are singing a welcome to me.

I sit with closed eyes 'neath thy sheltering
boughs,

And the forms of the dead hover near;

Do you ever, old tree, imagine like me,
Even now their voices you hear?

My mother I see—feel the clasp of her hand;

And hear her softly breathed prayer;

So I sit dreaming on, till waked by the wind,

As it playfully toys with my hair.

Like a bright silver thread, to my eyes dim-
med by age,

Winds the path from the barn to my door;

Do you ever, old tree, imagine like me,
Those forms tread it now as of yore?

I bend o'er the brook, where in days are
gone,

A child's face looked upward to me;

Face wrinkled and old, shrivelled form,

Whitened hair,

Is the picture to-day that I see.

Father, mother, are gone; brothers, sisters,
not one.

They have all reached the opposite shore;

The valley of death, O why should I fear?

Since those loved ones have gone on before;

Slowly, but surely, I am passing away;

And when death sends its summons to me,

Make my bed at thy foot, dear old tree.

M. M. M.

A Big Dog Story.

Just before the battle of Bull Run, a lady
of Georgetown met a boy in the street, lead-
ing a dog by a string, and the boy was crying
bitterly. She asked the cause of his crying.
He said his mother had told him to take the
dog off and have him killed, as she would
have no dog about the house. He did not
want to kill him, he was such a good dog; but
he supposed he should have to do so, and he
thought he should tie a rope around a
stone, and throw him into the Potomac. He
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He accepted the offer at once, as this would
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and shake it, as though he had something
real in his mouth.

But Sailor was not discouraged at all. He
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Sailor started right off, and the grass did
not grow under his feet, and he did not
see how you can acquit yourself with the
rapier!"

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor; and any person who has his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One page (11 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .25
One square (four lines), 1.00
One square six months, .60
One square three months, .40
Half a square one year, .60
Half a square two years, .40
Half a square three months, .20
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.
Large advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *bolded*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

52nd All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *UNTIL ORDERED OUT*, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.

Stoneham—E. T. WHITTINGTON.

Winchester—JOHN HOVEY.

Revere—J. C. GRIFFIN.

S. M. PETHOROUGH & CO., Boston and New York, S. H. NILES, (successor to W. Palmer,) Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns of Woburn, Concord, and Melrose, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOINT PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

52nd Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

Woburn and her Soldiers.

The recent battles in Virginia have brought sadness to many hearts. On every battle field the brave sons of Massachusetts have batted valiantly for their country, and in the gallant host our little town has been nobly represented. Over two hundred of her volunteers were engaged in the contest, one fourth of whom were either killed, wounded, or missing; and their deeds of heroism will form a record worthy of being kept through all time. The names of the wounded began to come in during the first part of last week, but toward the last part they came thick and fast, and among them many of our Woburn boys, and on Saturday our Selectmen decided to send an agent to Washington to look after them. They selected C. S. Converse, Esq., and gave him full power to do whatever he considered best, and supplied him with the means to do it. We have good reason to believe that everything will be done for our soldiers, that possibly can be, and that no labor will be spared to find them.

Mr. Nathan Wyman accompanied Mr. Converse to Washington, and is doing all he can to aid our men.

John K. Richardson, of Co. D, 221 Regt., arrived home on Tuesday evening on a furlough of 30 days.

Samuel S. Caldwell, writes that his wound is very sore but not dangerous, and will be well in five or six weeks.

Sergt. Goo. W. Cobbett writes that he did not get hit until the sixth day. That the regiment charged on some rifle pits, and he got hit below the knee, which smashed the bone to pieces, and that he was hit again in the same leg above the knee, but did not touch the bone. On Wednesday forenoon May 11, his leg was amputated below the knee, at the Division hospital. He says, Merriam was killed on the field.

Benj. W. Perkins, of the 59th, says—“The 66th, 57th, 53rd, 52d, went into line on battle at raging 900 men each, and to-day they average about 200. Lieuts. Frothingham and George Morse, (of Woburn,) killed, with most all the orderly sergeants, Col. Gould and Capt. Cheatham were sunstruck.”

All our wounded, so far as heard from appear in good spirits and hopeful.

List of Killed and Wounded in Woburn Soldiers.

Below we give a full list of the killed and wounded soldiers belonging to our town, so far as known. The names of those in Co. K 39th Regt., were sent us direct, by a member of the Co., who passed through the whole series of battles:

Co. K, 39th Regt. *Killed*—Sergt. Major C. K. Conn; Michael Avery, by falling of a tree, which was cut in two by a shell.

Wounded—Sergt. John Gilcrest, back; Sergt. Wm. McDevitt, hand, finger gone; M. Finn, leg, also missing; Sylvester Murray; Peter Doherty, arm; James Dooley, leg; John Sheban, hand; Cyrus A. Eaton, leg; Newell Z. Tabor, leg; W. H. Hoskins, leg; J. Downing, finger; O. S. Harris, finger; A. H. Richardson, foot; William O'Brien, thigh; Geo. Reddy, arm; John McCarty, foot; A. P. Barrett, hip; M. B. Baldwin, leg, slight; Thomas McCarty, breast, slight.

Missing—Lieut. L. F. Wyman, (Co. H.)—Corp. Gen. F. Pollard, Privates Charles Bush, Robert Currie, Silas Waite, John Riley, A. T. Sawy.

In OTHER COMPANIES AND REGIMENTS.—*Killed*—Michael Foley, Co. F, 16th Regt.; Sergt. Charles Merriam, F, 22d; Lieut. Geo. H. Miller, K, 1st; Corp. James Kenyon, A, 12th; Sergt. W. C. Thompson, D, 13th; James Connor, A, Patrick Kelley, F, Corp. W. H. Mathews, H, 16th; Corp. John K. Richardson, D, Geo. W. Cobbett, leg amputated; F. Samuel S. Caldwell, F. James Sheham, F, 22d; Capt. T. F. Page, D, 28th; Sergt. John E. Tidd, B, 23d.

Silver Wedding—Rev. Mr. Bodwell and wife celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage, on Wednesday evening last. The occasion was taken advantage of by a large number of his parishioners to pay him a visit. The evening was spent happily by the large company present, who left valuable tokens of the regard they hold for their pastor.

Letters from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 16th, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—I left Boston, as you know, Saturday night spent Sunday in New York, left there Sunday night, and arrived at Willard's about 4 A. M., this day. Met J. B. Winn, and G. H. Conn, got breakfast and went to work. Mr. Winn, had his Woburn quota partly fixed, and he set about that: the rest of us set about the matter we came for.

Conn had become satisfied it was of no use to go for Sergt. Conn's body, as from the place where he fell he must have been buried by the rebels, if buried at all for some days, after he fell. Went to Mr. Tufts, the State Agent, who told us we should find more men in and about this city than any where else, but he would get us passes to go to Belle Plain and Fredericksburg if we wanted to go, but he thought it not of much use. We went at once, and got passes to Alexandria, where C. H. Foss is, supposing him wounded; found him sick but about. He knew nothing of anybody else. He needed nothing, he said. We then went to several hospitals and finally got track of a lot of men that came in last night to Fairfax Seminary, belonging to the 39th. Got a team and went there but found no Woburn men. They knew all about them on the battle field, but nothing later.

Returned to Washington, and got our dinner at 5 P. M., and then started for three larger hospitals, about two miles out from here, where we had heard of Sheban, but he and John E. Tidd and Sergt. McDevitt were transferred north, we expect to Philadelphia, yesterday morning, so I suppose we passed them. But in the search I chanced to light on a Gilcrest name, and found it to be John of the 39th. We at once found his ward and him. He is wounded by a spent bullet near his backbone, and had a narrow escape with his life, but is doing well and we shall see him again to-morrow. This was at the Mt. Pleasant hospital. I left him some funds and then went to the Carver hospital. There, we found Newell Z. Tabor who had a bullet in the calf of his leg, and needs a pair of crutches, slippers and socks, which we shall get him to-morrow, and his name is entered for a furlough, and he can come home soon. We expect to find more to-morrow, as before we got through with these it was too late to visit any more. You have no idea of the labor of finding these men. For instance, we heard of Peter Doherty a Fairfax, and looked over, I guess, 500 names and visited all there were in as many buildings as there are at Woburn barracks and had to give it up. We came to the conclusion he had gone to Washington.

The men are mostly slightly wounded, but we saw some hard cases. They are sending them North as fast as possible. Boats are running night and day to Belle Plain for wounded. Dead bodies (except a very few officers) stand no chance of being brought in, and officers, unless very easily got at, stand no chance. The attendance they get after they get here is excellent. The Government does all it can, and God bless the Sanitary Commission.

The men are heroic, and game all through. I feel that money can be spent to better advantage at home than here, as the Commission is so well organized that money reaches all, and private individuals have to go a great way for a little comparative good. I suppose we have looked over 3000 names to day for what we have found as I have written.

For instance, we heard of Peter Doherty a

Alexandria, Va., May 17, '64.

I take this opportunity of writing a few lines to you, as it is the first I have had since the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, when I was taken Prisoner. On my way to Richmond, on the 9th, I was retaken by General Sherman's cavalry, and we were obliged to fight and travel along with them, from that time until the 16th, when we arrived here. * * * Lieut. Wyman, Robert Curry, and myself are all that are from Woburn.

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John R. Riley, May 17, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—I received your note of the 16th, and, as I have no news to report, I will only say that we are still here, and are doing well.

Yours truly, C. S. CONVERSE.

To E. TRULL, Esq., Woburn, Mass.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—I suppose you have to-day's results. We found G. W. Corbett, of the 22d, at the Campbell Hospital, leg gone just below the knee, and a ball in the thigh just above the knee, doing well and in good spirits.

Samuel S. Caldwell, doing well.

John McCarthy, at Emory hospital, doing well.

Cyrus Eaton, at Campbell hospital, leg amputated, doing well.

W. H. Hoskins, at Douglass hospital, leg amputated, doing well.

James Dooley, at Mt. Pleasant hospital, doing well.

Peter Doherty, at Armory Square hospital, wounded in arm, dangerous.

John T. Tidd, at Douglass hospital, leg amputated, doing well.

Wm. O'Brien, thigh, doing well.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

her last, received notice last Monday that his resignation had been accepted, to take effect in December. This would hardly seem to be fair, to keep a meritorious officer waiting so long for a decision in his case, and then have it date back nearly six months, thus depriving him of pay during that time.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—The Weld Estate is to be put up again at public auction, on Monday, June 4th.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—In Convention of the Selectmen and School Committee, last Thursday evening, Mr. Lemuel Horton was chosen a member of the latter Board, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. O. R. Clark. The Committee now consists of the following gentlemen: A. K. P. Joy, Chairman; A. F. Boon, Secretary; Charles Prese, Prudential Committee; William A. Stone, H. Hinckley, and L. Holton.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—It is stated, on good authority, that on and after the first of June, package tickets to and from this town will be sold in packages of six for one dollar. The season tickets, on and after the first day of July, to be sixty-eight dollars a year or seventeen dollars per quarter, being an increase of four dollars per quarter. This enormous increase in season tickets is the most suicidal policy which the Directors of the Corporation can possibly adopt. The advantages resulting from putting them at the lowest possible rates have been again and again presented to their notice, and it is useless to enlarge further upon the subject. As the Directors have seen fit to disregard what must be apparent to them, as well as to others who have given the subject due consideration, as the only profitable course of proceeding, they cannot complain if they find their receipts very materially decreasing even at the increased prices. The result will inevitably be that persons having an idea of removing into this vicinity will abandon the idea and locate in or nearer the city, where the expense of travel will not be so great, and many of those now owning real estate in these parts will hesitate to sell it at the first opportunity. This will be the practical working of the short sighted policy of those representing the corporation managing our railroad.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.—**WILL** be sold at Public Auction, by virtue of an order from the Judge of Probate for Middlesex County, on WEDNESDAY, First day of June next, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises, the following described Real Estate, to wit: One acre of Tillage land, an Insured person situated in South Reading, and County of Middlesex, bounded on the North by Salton St., East by the Danvers and Georgetown Rail Road to a point; South and West by land of A. Evans, A. Skinner, and South by land of K. Kirk; East by land of Daniel Nichols, and J. Nichols; and South by land mostly owned by A. Nichols.

Also about one acre of Meadow land East of the Danvers and Georgetown Rail Road, and bound on the South by land of K. Kirk; East by land of Nichols; and South by land of J. Nichols.

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REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—At a meeting of the Republicans last Tuesday evening, J. F. Stone, Esq., presiding, and E. A. Wadeleigh, Secretary.—Messrs. O. R. Clark, J. F. Stone and E. A. Brackett were chosen delegates to the State Convention. The same gentlemen were also authorized to act in the District Convention.

LECTURE.—Rev. G. P. Upham of Lawrence, Kansas, gave an interesting and thrilling account of the rebel massacres of so many of the people there by Quantrell's Guerrilla Band, of which he was an eye witness, in Lycum Hill, on Tuesday evening last, before a large audience.

EXCELSIOR.

SCHOOL MISTRESSES ATTEND.—Of course you often notice among the little ones committed to your charge some who are afflicted with ringworm, or other diseases of the scalp and skin. Now, if you kept in your desk a box of Grace's celebrated Salve, you would have a cheap and simple remedy at hand. Besides, sometimes the little folks cut or bruise their fingers or toes, and a little of Grace's Salve rubbed in will speedily set all to rights. And the next time, herself, may have a cut on her hands or lips, or any part of her body which may be banded. Well, Grace's Salve will soon set all to rights, and it is only 25 cents a box. See advertisement in another column.

THE MIAHNA and FOUL VAPORS generated by the rebels will be far more deadly to our Volunteers than the enemy's bayonets. In the Indian and Crimean campaigns, Hollaway's Flies were used in enormous quantities. They kept the troops in perfect health. If the reader of this notice cannot get a box of Pilla or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as an other person's make. 35 cents, 88 cents, and \$140 per box or pot. Soldiers, supply yourselves. 217.

Died

In Woburn, May 14th, Anthony, son of Anthony and Ann Doherty, aged 2 months. In Woburn, 16th inst., Nellie, daughter of Daniel C. Porter, aged 3 years, 7 months, 4 days.

In North Woburn, 18th inst., George E., youngest child of Mrs. Eustis Cummings, aged 4 months.

In Woburn, 18th inst., Patrick Shean, aged 21 years.

In Boston, 15th inst., Mary L., daughter of Henry Tweed, aged 1 year, 11 months, and 5 days.

In Winchester, 16th inst., Almira B., wife of Wm. P. Warren, Co. K, 39th Regt., aged 32 years, 6 months.

In Wilmington, 15th inst., Miss Kexiah Hopkins, aged 75 years, 11 months.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Woburn Post Office, May 21, 1864.

Clark, Catherine Mrs. Dooley, Alice Fitcher, Lizzie Mrs. Justin, James H. Lovering, Mezibell Lucy, Mary McCarthy, Mary Ann Rice, James Young George.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

NEW GOODS

AT LYCEUM HALL BUILDING. PINS, NEEDLES, THREAD, SPOOL, SILK, SKIN, SILK, TWIST, BUTTONS, BRAIDS, SPOOL, COTTON, TAPE, WOOL.

WOOLEN YARNS, COTTON YARNS,

ELASTIC BRAID & CORD,

SIDE & DRESSING COMBS,

CROCHET NEEDLES, SCISSORS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, STATIONERY,

HOOP SKIRTS of all descriptions,

LINENS, WHITE AND COLORED CLOTHES, NAINSOOK and other MUS-

lins, NEW PRINTS, DELAINES,

GINGHAM, SHAWLS, &c.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

M. B. HALE.

Woburn, May 20th, 24-25.

Furniture for Sale

At Bargains.

ONE COOKING STOVE, nearly new; Parlor Stoves for wood and coal; Dining Table, Toilet, Washstands, Bedsteads, Furniture, Dishes, Refrigerator. Lounges, &c., and many other articles, which will be sold cheap if applied for immediately.

C. E. MORSE,

Franklin st., Woburn.

NOTICE

I hereby give, that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator of the estate of JOHN O'LEARY, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testator, and have appointed myself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs, to persons having debts due to him, and who are entitled to be paid, to the amount of said debts, and to whom to exhibit same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

MEHTABLE C. STEARNS, Adm.

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217.

Assignee's Notice.

THE third meeting of the creditors of JAMES RICKARD, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, trader, Insolvent Debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency at Cambridge, on the 21st day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to receive payment upon the estate of said deceased.

And Nancy Wynn is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Am. Adv. Agency, 306 Broadway, N. Y., will receive orders for the above named Cof-

fee, Business Department—E. ALFORD,

Corresp. Dep.—FOWLER & WELLS.

33-34.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of ANNA REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased:

WILLIS Nancy Wyman, administrator, presented for allowance the first account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.

And Nancy Wynn is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Am. Adv. Agency, 306 Broadway, N. Y., will receive orders for the above named Cof-

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MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of ANNA REED, late of Woburn, in said County, widow, deceased:

WILLIS Nancy Wyman, administrator, presented for allowance the first account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.

And Nancy Wynn is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Am. Adv. Agency, 306 Broadway, N. Y., will receive orders for the above named Cof-

fee, Business Department—E. ALFORD,

Corresp. Dep.—FOWLER & WELLS.

33-34.

Real Estate For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale a Farm, situated on a hill, about four miles from Woburn, containing seven rooms, a Kitchen, eight rooms, good water convenient for both houses, and a large yard, so arranged to be convenient for two families.

Also House-Lots of various locations and Prices, Terms made known at the Sale.

D. B. WHEELER, Guardian.

Woburn, May 14, 1864.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to supply the Circulating Library at the Woburn Public Library, 16th inst., a number of books, &c., as soon as published. A number of those lately issued, have been procured and are now ready for use. Others will be added as soon as published.

Woburn, May 16, 1864.

C. W. EATON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MAIN STREET, SOUTH READING.

Attention given to Conveyancing, and Collection of Soldiers' Claims, Pensions, &c., at Lowest Commissions.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WOBURN ST., BOSTON.

Particular attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

WYMAN'S

AMPHOTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND



MIDDLESEX JOURNAL
BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
Main Street, Woburn.

FIRST PREMIUM
COOK STOVE

THIS Stove was the First Premium at the State Fair held at Rochester, October 1st, 1862, and again at Utica, September, 15, 1863.

Economy is Wealth?

This maxim will be fully demonstrated by buying an

AMERICAN HOT AIR
COOKING STOVE,

It will bake, boil and roast better than any other Stove, with a saving of 25 per cent in fuel and a very large percentage in convenience.

They have the following advantages:

1st. They are much more compact of great

dimensions, all the parts exposed to the fire are

made of an extra thickness.

2d. The flues are lined with non-conducting

coated copper, which heat directly to the

oven, and the oven can be heated and kept in baking

order with less fuel than any other stove.

3d. They have a large amount of heat ob-

tained from the fuel, which not only

makes the fire burn longer, but adds to the heating and baking facilities.

4d. They consume all the gas from the fuel,

thus saving a large amount of heat ob-

tained from the quantity of fuel used.

5th. The Stove is made, mounted and finished

in the most superior manner. The oven is large

and well made. The Stove is made to last in

form, and made for use; to adopt the language of

some who have used this Stove, "It will do more

for you than any other Stove."

In proof we add the following:

American Hot Air Cooking Stove.

J. H. DAVIS, Esq.—Dear Sir.—We find the

stove I purchased from you the first part of June

last, called the American Hot Air Cooking Stove,

is a very good stove, and we can not

be induced to buy another.

Our friends and relatives were unable to replace it with one of the same

kind. It made a long story short. It is perfect in every way, and has given us great satisfaction.

It is a great economy, and a great

advantage to have a stove which not only

makes the fire burn longer, but adds to the heating and baking facilities.

They have a large amount of heat ob-

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Middlesex Journal.

Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 35.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal:
THE RIDE.

BY MRS. PHINEAS ANNE HANAFORD.

Low hung the leaden clouds o'er Reading paths,

The damp breath of the east wind was chill,
And far from Spring-like seemed the cheerful day,

While sad its influence on the heart and will.

There came an hour when rifted clouds proclaimed
That still the sun above them brightly shone,

Then came thy message, and with happier heart,
I sped with thee o'er paths before unknown.

Along the country roads we quietly ride,
And watch the tokens of Spring's gentle reign;

The feathered cokins of the roadside trees,
In graceful beauty meet our eyes again.

The bending willows now are clothed in green,
Red flowers on the maples we behold,

Lo! promise-blossoms deck the cherries too,
And emerald meadows oft are starred with gold.

I see the birds sit from the half-clad trees,
To evergreens where summer beauty shines,

And hear their welcome, spring-time carol sweet.

Far off and high, amid the lofty pines.

Aye! Spring has come although the days are dark.

With falling clouds, and chill the east winds blow;

Lo! still the promise is to man fulfilled,

Seed-time and harvest all the earth shall know.

How is it with thee, oh my soul! to day?

God grant the seeds of truth are thine,

To grow in beauty through life's changeful spring,

And ripe for the harvest-field divine!

READING, MASS., May 13, 1864.

Select Literature.

For the Middlesex Journal:
DAN'S IDEA.

BY FRANCO.

That is my deliberate opinion!" I said emphatically.

"What is my dear?" said Dan, looking up from his paper and fixing his innocent eyes vacantly upon me.

It was very trying certainly, for that sentence was the *ultimo thule* of a long protraction under the weight of which I had been supposing, all of this time, that Dan's eyes had fallen to his paper out of pure shame. And now, it was—"What is it, my dear?"—just as if he had really been reading, and had not heard me. I did not believe it, moreover. It was just one of Dan's cool ways of provoking me, being his favorite method of escape from the weight of an argument.

Dan knew my infirmity. I am not so cool as he is, and he takes a cruel, unmanly advantage of it. But the wicked satisfaction lurking in his eye warned me, so I let my warmth pass off into the earnestness of repetition.

"Why, my dear, it is my deliberate opinion that I have a right to be independent, and so I will!"

"You wish to sing base?" said Dan, eyeing me with philosophic indulgence, as though it were only a whim of mine, not a fixed principle.

There it was again! He could not have said anything half so sensible himself, and so ever since one of my favorite authors achieved that felicitous expression, he had been content to steal his thunder, and this was neither the first nor the fortieth time he had hurled it against me.

"Dan, you know very well that I hate such baseness," I said with frigid dignity. "Besides, do you know what I am forced to conclude concerning you, from your constant repetition of that most excellent suggestion?"

"No, pray tell me," replied Dan, eyeing me less philosophically, and more askance.

"It proves you have a vast mind, or you could not appreciate that brilliant idea as you do."

Dan looked gratified, though shy.

"It also proves that it is all one vast lumber-room, or you would originate something of your own."

"If a woman has any wit, it is always sharp," said Dan, offended.

"What sharpened it? And which is more valuable, the razor or the hone?"

"I surrender unconditionally, before you open your whole battery!" cried Dan, laughing uneasily.

"Because I am disposed to retaliate, you quixote," replied I exultingly. "So long as the firing can be all on your side, you are charmed by the bullet's whistle, but let your opponent pick up an old rusty rifle, and point it at you, you—"

"It is unfair to taunt a man who has surrendered at discretion—how about this scandal?"

"So you did hear me, after all, sir!"

Dan looked still less philosophical, and more sheepish.

"Well," said I, sitting down, and allowing Dan to make himself useful by holding my silk, "either I must leave Scandalville, or shut myself up at home, or reform society!"

"Reform society!" gasped Dan, looking aghast.

"Yes, I have made an estimate of all my calls, made and received, during the last month, and the staple of conversation I find to be pure scandal."

"The partaker is as bad as the thief,"—suggested Dan kindly. To his amazement, I allowed the application of this truism.

"Very true, and I have started a couple of syllogisms upon the subject. First, whatever is wrong can be prevented, scandal is wrong, therefore scandal can be prevented. And second: whatever is Society's duty, you shall triumphantly reform society. The method is simple. Promptly report this conversation to every friend you meet, and declare your firm determination neither to scandalize yourself, nor tolerate it in others."

"How about places where only men do congregate?" I asked pointedly.

"Your influence will be potent even there, and also seconded by my efforts, you shall triumphantly reform society. The method is simple. Promptly report this conversation to every friend you meet, and declare your firm determination neither to scandalize yourself, nor tolerate it in others."

"And how if they disregard the hint?"—asked Mrs. Wilcox, slightly alarmed.

"Before they can do so, inform them that you shall weed out all gossip from your circle, by refusing to return a skipping call."

"What if they conclude to leave us in the cold?"

"Never fear it, news of this innovation will be on the bulletin board by to-night. People will stand in dread of the prosecution. If one forgets, be sure that upon finding herself proscribed, she will find some excuse for a second call to remove the interruption point from her name."

Mrs. Wilcox pledged herself, with us, for trial, and went off wondering. I doubt not, if we intended her a hint, wholesomely, fearfully of gossiping.

"You are a brave, an altogether glorious Dan!" I cried in ecstasy. "You have 'bearded the lion in his den'."

Dan was subtilly modest, he only said, "And Scandalville, hard by to Tattletown, shall be reformed!"

NOVEL INCIDENT AT A FUNERAL.—A little girl attending one of the public schools of this city, whose widowed mother was in indigent circumstances, died a short time after a brief illness, during which the little sufferer received many kind attentions from the children of the school. At her death the scholars contributed means for her proper burial, and at their earnest request they were permitted to attend the funeral. The church in whose faith the family of the deceased worship, does not include prayer, or other religious exercise, at the house, in its service for the dead. The children on this occasion desired to sing, which request was granted. Upon being informed that when many little children were buried in Boston, prayer was offered, the bereaved mother expressed a wish that a prayer might be made whereupon a little girl only ten years old was so moved by her sympathies that she prayed with much earnestness. The children then sang another appropriate hymn, after which the little girl made a second prayer. The little people report that the services were of the most interesting character. The only adults present were the mother and a few near friends. The teachers of the school were much surprised when the children narrated these novel events to them.—*Boston Transcript*

BE HONEST IN YOUR DEALINGS.—It is an almost universal form of dishonesty to try to get goods below their value; and whenever you do that you undertake to cheat.

The man that wants to get a thing without giving a fair equivalent, wants to be dishonest. If it costs to make a hat, and give a moderate profit to the man that sells it, and a moderate profit to the man that works upon it, and a moderate profit to the man that sells it, three dollars, and you undertake to buy it for two dollars and a half, you undertake to cheat a half a dollar. If you attempt to beat a man down and to get his goods for less than a fair price, you are attempting to commit burglary as much as though you actually horrified me by adding—

"We were discussing."

I coughed, and frantically seizing a fan fixed it upon Mrs. Wilcox, but Dan would not take the hint. He resumed calmly, just as if he were saying an agreeable thing—

"We were discussing how scandal was to be banished from modern society."

"Is it very common?" asked Mrs. Wilcox, fitting in my easy chair.

"You wish to sing base?" said Dan, eyeing me with philosophic indulgence, as though it were only a whim of mine, not a fixed principle.

There it was again! He could not have said anything half so sensible himself, and so ever since one of my favorite authors achieved that felicitous expression, he had been content to steal his thunder, and this was neither the first nor the fortieth time he had hurled it against me.

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"Before they can do so, inform them that you shall weed out all gossip from your circle, by refusing to return a skipping call."

"What if they conclude to leave us in the cold?"

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing to pay in advance, should give notice to the publisher at the expiration of the term, when previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each a square (several lines), one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .25
One square six months, .10.00
One square twelve months, .15.00
One square three months, .40.00
One square one year, .60.00
Half a square six months, .40.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, *teeded*, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

g All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted *UNLDERED* OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—DR. J. MANSFIELD.

Stoneham—J. T. WHITTIER.

Winchester—JOSEPH HOVEY.

Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PITTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York, S. M. NILES, (second) 107 W. B. Palmer's, Boston, are authorized to receive and duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOHN PRINTING, done at short notice on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864

THE CAMPAIGN.

For a long time the people of the North have looked forward to the spring campaign, and instinctively felt that upon its success, in a great measure, hung the destiny of the nation. The Government, too, felt the importance of striking a blow at the outset, which, by its crushing power, should carry despair to the heart of the enemy, warn un-foreign powers to stand aloof, and once more fill all loyal hearts, both North and South, with renewed confidence and hope. To this end it called to the command of all our forces, one whose previous record was in itself a sufficient guarantee of success. This action was received by the people as a propitious omen, and they began to look forward to victory in the end, but still with much anxiety as to the opening of the tremendous struggle inevitably approaching. That struggle is now progressing and yet the nation breathes freer than before it commenced.

The plan of the campaign seems to embrace two objects—the capture of Richmond, and the destruction of Lee's army. To this end simultaneously with the advance of Grant's army across the Rapidan in front of Lee, Gen. Butler's expedition sails up the James river towards Richmond, and by an ingenious ruse his force establishes itself, without opposition, within nine miles of Petersburg and twenty-five of Richmond. Here he destroys the railroad communications, and of necessity cuts off supplies and reinforcements from the south and south-west, and successfully advances upon the doomed city. Lee is prevented from moving his forces to the defense of the Capital; for the moment he learns that Richmond is in danger, he finds that Grant has crossed the Rapidan, and has placed himself decisively on his right flank, in such a position as to make it impossible for the rebel leader to spare any troops to Richmond or remain in his own works. This measure of Grant left him no option but to come out of his entrenchments and fight, with the unpleasant consciousness that Richmond might fall while he joined battle in the Wilderness.

It will be seen that, in such an emergency, the failure of Lee to defeat and drive back the Army of the Potomac, would become for him an irretrievable disaster; or, in other words, not to win a decisive victory was a defeat. But for Gen. Grant it was, in a certain sense, sufficient to compel Lee to battle, to repulse his attack, and either to retain him in his front near the first battle fields, or to follow him if he fell back to the defenses of Richmond.

How well this programme has been carried out, the daily press of the country has kept the people fully informed: While Butler has advanced upon Richmond from the South, accomplishing all his purposes, Sherman has advanced into Georgia with equal success; and Grant for more than three weeks has been doing fearful execution to Lee's army, and driving him back day after day. Thus victory crowns our arms in every direction, and while it has cost the lives of many thousands of brave men and valiant officers, and while there are many thousands of bleeding hearts, mourning for the loved and lost, yet their holy sorrow is tempered by the beams of golden light that begin to shine through the rifted battle-cloud, revealing to eager eyes and anxious hearts, a glorious termination to the terrible strife that for the last three years has cost the nation its best blood and treasure.

Still we must not be too sanguine in the midst of our successes. Grant has one of the ablest generals of the age to contend with, whose army cannot be overthrown and annihilated in a day—it may take months, and the people must be patient, resting assured that the wished for result will come in good season. And when it does come, there will arise from all loyal hearts, a shout of gratitude and praise; and the people will not count the sacrifice that has been made, too great to preserve a nation's life and liberty.

The Woburn Brass Band has dissolved its organization.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning last, a young man, James Locke, residing in West Cambridge, about 18 years of age, son of Elbridge Locke, met with an accident that caused his death. It appears that he went out to collect some vegetables for market, and took with him in his wagon a gun, for the purpose of killing crows. While taking the boxes from the wagon, the gun was accidentally discharged, and the contents took effect in the lower part of his chest, tearing away a large portion of flesh, so that the lungs and intestines were made visible. The accident occurred about 7 o'clock, and he lived until 12.

CARELESS DRIVING.—Two young men from Newton, accompanied by a Woburn friend, were thrown out of a buggy, to which was attached a span of horses, on Monday last, near the West Corner of the Common. The accident was caused by improper driving. The Newton parties escaped with a few slight bruises, but the other person was not so fortunate. He was rendered senseless, and received a bad bruise in his right side. He was carried into Dr. Harlow's office, where the Dr attended to his case, and soon after was enabled to return home. The horses ran with the buggy, which was on its side, and did not receive any material damage considering the rough usage it received, until near Union street, when they were stopped.

PENSION AND BOUNTY CERTIFICATES.—During this month the following additional Pensions and Bounties for the heirs of deceased soldiers have been obtained through the agency of S. Horton, Woburn.

Pension Certificate 21,864, for Martha, widow of William Gillespie, Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., \$8 per month, payable from March 9, 1862, applied for in March, 1864.

Bounty and Pay Certificates—\$1,539, for Margaret, widow of John Mather, Corporal, Co. I, 2d Mass. Regt.

875—For Mary F. widow of James W. Goodwin, Co. D, 11th Mass. Regt.

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MORE WOUNDED WOBURN SOLDIERS.—Since our last issue, we have noticed the following names of Woburn soldiers among the lists of wounded:—Geo. Bancroft, Co. E, 16th Regt., arm, slight; James McGoff, K, 39th, hip; Cornelius O'Connor, K, 39th; hand; Michael McNulty, D, 56th, shoulder; Stephen Hine, C, 59th, hip, slight; Geo. D. Wyman, K, 59th, shoulder. The above named, excepting the first, are in the hospitals at Washington.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII : No. 36.

Poetry.

Our Heroes.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

Cheers! Cheers for our heroes!
Not those who wear stars,
Not those who wear eagles,
And leaders, and bars;
We know they are gallant,
And honor them, too,
For bravely maintaining
The Red, White and Blue!

But, cheers for our soldiers,
Rough, wrinkled and brown;
The men who make heroes
And ask no renown;
Unselfish, untiring,
Intrepid and true,
The bulwark surrounding
The Red, White and Blue!

Our patriot soldiers!
When treason arose,
And freedom's own children
Assailed her as foes;
When anarchy threatened
And order withdrew,
They rallied to rescue
The Red, White and Blue!

Upholding our banner,
On many a field,
The doom of the traitor
They valiantly sealed;
And, worn with the conflict,
Found vigor anew,
Where victory greeted
The Red, White and Blue!

Yet, loved ones have fallen—
And still, when they sleep,
A sorrowful Nation
Shall silently weep;
And Spring's fairest flowers
In gratitude, strew,
O'er those who have cherished
The Red, White and Blue!

But, glory, immortal!
Is waiting them now;
And chapter unfading
Shall bind every braw,
When called by the trumpet,
At Time's great review,
They stand, who defended
The Red, White and Blue!

Select Literature.

[From "Once a Week"]

WISH NOT; OR SOMETHING NEW.

INTRODUCTION.

In a brilliantly lighted drawing room of one of the best houses, in the very best quarter of Vienna, sat the old count Von Bountzterler and the once pretty French Marchioness; do in it. They had been young lovers and were now old friends. The Count had adored the rising and the setting sun of the Marchioness's beauty, and love, with clipped wings, had gradually settled into a friend of the most calm and respectable description.

They were indeed a well assured pair, for the Count's strongest point being his conversational powers, and that of the Marchioness her power of endurance as a listener, their evenings passed away pleasantly enough. Indeed the Count's knowledge of everything that had or had not happened in Germany for the last fifty years was almost miraculous; and although I do not mean to cast any doubt on his veracity, he was certainly the greatest story-teller in all Vienna.

Now, as what the Count said to the Marchioness, and what the Marchioness said to the Count will best serve to introduce the real hero of my little story, I may as well narrate it immediately.

CHAPTER I.

"I never can believe it," said the Marchioness de la B.

"It is as true," said the Count Von Bountzterler, "as that I love you more dearly than fortune, than fame."

"And than truth, you odious man," interrupted the Marchioness, (smilingly rapping her old admirer's knuckles with her fan,) "for, as I said before, I can never credit so much about you."

"Well, I allow that it happened many, many years ago, but of the facts, as I have heard them, I entertain no doubt; indeed the hero was a sort of distant relation of mine; but perhaps you will allow me to tell you the entire story as I have heard it myself from old Heinkel, the burgomaster of Gutzberg."

"Oh, by all means Count. Pray do! but tell me, is there any love in it?"

"Love, madam? Why, in good truth, love was the cause of it all; but you shall hear,"

It was a dark and tempestuous night in the November of 1662, and the wind howled frighfully about the casements of a melancholy-looking chamber on the topmost story of a singularly tall, narrow, and dilapidated dwelling standing at the corner of the market place of the little town of Gutzberg, which, as every traveler knows, lies at the foot of the lofty chain of the Hartz mountains.—Midnight was fast approaching, and the light of a military lamp glimmered and flickered, and cast ugly shadows, sometimes on the walls, and sometimes on the person of the sole occupant of the apartment, the hapless student Spitzbuben, who sat therein, in an attitude of the most determined melancholy; that is to say, he had his legs forced tightly into his boots, his chin firmly planted on his breast, and his hands thrust into the extreme

recesses of his pockets! But alas, an empty pocket only the more reminded him of his misfortunes; and it was with a feeling akin to despair that he muttered between his teeth something like the following soliloquy—

"And is it all this treasure mine?" cried Hans. "Oh Hen—"

"What, again I?" said the Fiend; and straightway unwinding his tail from his body with the rapidity of lightning, he gave poor Hans two such tremendous lashes over his right and left shoulder, there remained a sort of devil's cross or pair of indelible black braces on his back, which I am told no washing could afterwards rub out."

"Oh, mercy!" roared the victim, now falling upon his knees.

"It was, but half pronounced," said the Evil One, but beware of the next offense.—Know, then, that the whole of this treasure may be thine, but upon one condition. You must win it."

"Win it, but how?" cried Hans.

"The simplest thing in the world: we will play at cribbage for it."

Now Hans recollects that, when he was at Gottingen in years gone by, he had been taught this very game by a rollicking English student, and to such good purpose that it was imagined by many, and especially by himself, that the fiend himself was no match for him.

"But I have no board," said he.

"I have," said the Fiend.

So saying he placed upon the table a cribbage-board of the most enormous dimensions, the like of which Hans had never set eyes on before; but the more he looked at it, the less he liked; the ornaments were not at all in good taste—the divisions being formed of leg and thigh bones, and the holes strongly resembling the eye sockets of a scull. In short he finished by disliking it altogether, and turned somewhat pale and repentant of the whole affair.

"Idiot!" said a voice at his elbow that sent his marrow down to freezing point.—"Hush, Hans, one at a time, if you please."

At the same moment an odor of the most sulphurous and unpleasant description (some like that of a railway train when they first put on the brake) diffused itself around and before he had entirely recovered from its effects, a shape of ghastly horrors stood before him.

I shall not shock your delicate susceptibilities, my dear Marchioness, by describing it.

"Oh, pray do, Count. I should like to know what the fiend of the Hartzwald was like."

Confounds the woman! muttered the Count. Well, then, madam, you must take this as a sort of sketch of him. In the first place, it would have been difficult to paint him blacker than he was in reality, and his eyes—yes!—let me see, his eyes were on the revolving principle, sometimes green, then red, then deadly white, then red again, which gave his countenance rather an unprepossessing character.

As for his teeth, imagine something between a shark and a handsaw, and a mouth looking as if it might have just crushed up one baby and was ready for another. His dress—

"Ah, that's a dear Count—do tell me exactly how he was dressed."

Well, something like a wild Jager of the Harz—long boots, short cloak, leather belt and a singularly flat cap and feather, from under which peeped two of the sharpest and most polished little horns that imagination can conceive; and to give him a finish, he carried his tail curled three times round his body, with the end of it dangling from under his arm in the most easy and *degage* style possible as he spoke these words: "Hans Spitzbuben, you have called upon my name. I am here."

Now, Hans was usually rather a devil-like sort of a fellow, and he started from his chair to do it; but the eyes of his visitor were too much for his nerves, and he fell back again half senseless, as the Fiend proceeded. "Yes, Hans, you called upon me first, and then upon my master; but as you gave me the preference, here I am. Now, listen, but speak not! You love Gretchen, the daughter of that old usurer, the Notary Schlossstein—you love her distractingly, but despairingly, for her father is rich, and you are worth somewhat less than nothing; besides this, the last bill you gave to Captain Schwartz is already in the notary's hand, and played, as he thought, summatimely well; at last, throwing down his cards—

"All but one," said the sable one, And sure enough, Hans had miscalculated, for his opponent, showing three fives and a knave of the suit turned up, scored 29, and won the game exactly by a single point.

Our hero felt cowed by the bearing of his adversary—hesitated—but obeyed, and a five was turned up. Hans had a good hand, and played, as he thought, summatimely well; at last, throwing down his cards—

"All but one," said the sable one, And sure enough, Hans had miscalculated, for his opponent, showing three fives and a knave of the suit turned up, scored 29, and won the game exactly by a single point.

The hearthstone closed up with a noise of thunder, the board disappeared, and as the Demon tranquilly replaced his horn in his forehead, "You've lost, my good friend!" sneered he. "I am really sorry for you—farewell."

"Oh, help me, help me!" sobbed Hans. "The gold! the gold!"

"I still yours on one condition!"

"Your precious soul, indeed! Bah! My grant is simply this, you permit me to grant you your first wish upon your wedding day."

"The Fiend's but a shallow Fiend after all," thought Hans. "I agree to terms," said he aloud.

No sooner had the words passed from his lips, than the heart flew open, the treasure again appeared, but the ghastly vision was no longer to be seen, and Hans sat down once more alone, not however, as before, a crushed and desponding spirit, but wildly exulting in his present good fortune, and intoxicated with the thoughts of happiness to come.

CHAPTER II.

Happiness, like gold, usually contains a certain portion of alloy, and it is not therefore to be wondered at, if the felicity of Hans Spitzbuben was occasionally disturbed by reflections of rather a dispiriting description.—First of all, he knew full well, though he had never owned it to his most intimate acquaintances, that he was thirty-five years of age, or thereabouts, and Gretchen was, alas, but sixteen; and he could not help suspecting that although Gretchen was not at all too young for him, he might possibly be a trifler too old for Gretchen; and therefore he began to ponder whether, in years to come, a buxom young wife of thirty might infallibly love a husband of fifty quite as well as—as

besides, the wedding wish rather perplexed and annoyed him. He felt that he would rather give up such an advantage. He might make some confound mistake in the matter.

"Hush the wish," said Hans, "but there is one way at least to escape it, and I wish for anything on that day, may I be—"

"And here, my good friend, I have a speech of a rather powerful nature, but that he thought he heard a sort of sniggering laugh all around him, which luckily stopped in his good time.

Well, to go on with my story, everything fell out as the Black Fiend of the Hartzwald had predicted. The notary nearly threw a summersault when the fatal bond was produced, and made no objection to exchange his daughter for this terrible proof of his rascality. For once, too, the course of true love meandered on fairly and smoothly, for Gretchen really loved her suitor Hans, who, by-the-bye, I forgot to mention, was in good truth a personable fellow enough, and just the sort of a man to captivate the affections and dazzle the romance of a young and comely maid of sixteen; for, besides a dashing figure and a handsome face, he rejoiced in a curving pair of jet-black moustaches and a beard that—suffice it to say, was the envy of all the town; so that he fairly took little Gretchen by storm, and the wedding day was fixed precisely one month after the Black Fiend's visit to Hans's solitary chamber, the said chamber being speedily exchanged for a splendid mansion in the best quarter of the town, for Hans was now very rich, and of course was very much respected.

Well, it was a joyous day to be sure; but as the happy couple walked from the church door, Gretchen could not help observing that a slight shade of melancholy dwelt upon the features of her husband.

"My darling Spitz," said she affectionately, "surely nothing now should damp our happiness, and yet methinks, dearest, some traces of care seem to linger even in your kindest look."

Now Hans could not help seeing that these words were true enough, and that he really could run no great risk, if he attacked nothing at all on the game; so down he sat.

"But we have no pegs," said he.

"Excuse me," said his companion, "I have some;" upon which, graciously extracting one of his horns from his forehead, he placed it in the spouse hole or socket of the board, and then politely handed the other to Spitzbuben. "With good players one peg is sufficient. Produce the cards."

Hans did so, and won the deal; and a flourishing hand and crib he had."

But when it came to his opponent's turn—"Stop, stop!" cried Hans; "there's something wrong here. I'll take my oath that two of my best cards have vanished, and those which I have put out got back into my hand again."

"True, Spitz," said the Fiend, "and truly you do love me now; but in future years, when you are still young, and I am so no longer, will you still love me then as you do now?"

"Poo! poo!" said Gretchen, with a roguish smile, "what stuff and nonsense you are talking, Hans. Why, I vow and declare that to me you seem to grow younger every day."

"Ah!" said Hans, with a sigh that might have agitated a windmill; is not love like life, fleeting, as the poet says?"

"Who cares about poets?" quoted Gretchen.

"True love endures forever."

"True, Gretchen," said Hans, "and truly you do love me now; but in future years, when you are still young, and I am so no longer, will you still love me then as you do now?"

"True, Gretchen," said Hans, "and truly you do love me now; but in future years, when you are still young, and I am so no longer, will you still love me then as you do now?"

"Well, Spitzbuben," said Gretchen, "and truly you do love me now; but in future years, when you are still young, and I am so no longer, will you still love me then as you do now?"

"Well," said the Marchioness, "I told you at first that I did not believe a word of it."

And now, I assure you again madam, that it is as true as—true as—

But the reader must not be detained while the Count flings his simile; and when he is informed that the skeleton of Hans is still to be seen in a glass case at the museum, or Gotzberg, with a certificate of the burgomaster attesting the truth of the story, no reasonable doubt can, or ought to, remain in the mind of any one.

"Ah, I wish I did," said Hans.

"Granted," muttered a voice at his elbow, and at the same time a hollow, unearthly laugh rang in his ears; in fact, it was not altogether a laugh, there was something like a shudder mixed with it; so that Hans shuddered too, and felt so faint that he literally leaned for support on his bride, who, dear little affectionate creature, exerted herself to the utmost to recover him, attributing his sudden indisposition to the awful nature of the ceremony he had just gone through, which sometimes is known to affect the stern nerves of the male sex more than it does the elastic sensibilities of the gentler portion of creation.

"Well, bless my soul," said the Marchioness, "what on earth had the man to complain of? Pray, Count, does any one know the address of that polities of all demons to whom he was indebted?"

I dare say there are very few ladies nowadays who would faint at the granting of such a wish, said the Count; but wait the result.

The agent of the Evil One, knew full well what he was about, as you soon shall hear. True it was that everything went on swimmingly at first, for Hans did indeed grow younger every day, to the great astonishment of the entire population of Gotzberg. But alas! Gretchen grew older at the same time; and when he had grown down and she had grown up to the age of twenty-five, Hans was beginning to forget the first tender loving attachment of his good little wife, and having dug up the whole of his wild oats that he had sown when he was young before that with gambling, drinking, smoking, and I am sorry to say, far worse than all this, said he began to lead poor Gretchen.

"Oh, the villain!" said the Marchioness.

Well, a course of dissipation cannot last forever, though for a time Hans Spitzbuben thought he had outwitted the Fiend in good earnest, and so, in truth, at first sight it appeared. But if the ways of heaven are mysterious, the designs of Satan are utterly unfathomable; and it was only after some years of vice and debauchery, that Hans discovered that he had again miscalculated, as he had on a former occasion in his first encounter with the tempter; and his silly triumph changed rapidly to despair, as, infested in hell, shattered in intellect, damaged in reputation, and distrusted by remorse, he began to loath the wretched future to which his fatal compact must consign him.

It would be painful to dwell year by year upon his agonies of regret, as repentance shadowed out to him, as in a mirror, the image of what was still to come. But the fact was, that by the time Gretchen had lived on to be a fine, healthy, and engaging woman of thirty-five, Hans had gradually dwindled down to an awkward, long-shank, old hobbleshop of fifteen. All his many beauty had faded away; his fine flowing hair had long since disappeared; his mustaches had crumbled off; his whiskers had

evaporated; his voice suddenly jumped up an octave!

"Oh goodness gracious!" said the Marchioness.

"Ah! you may say so, indeed, said the Marchioness. But this was nothing to what happened afterwards. All Germany was in an uproar about it. It was in vain that the most eminent physicians were called in; Hans baffled them all. The whole faculty had hitherto been engaged in preventing people from growing older, but to stop the progress of a patient that did nothing but grow younger every day, was clear beyond their skill. It was a *casus medicinae*, and, as old Dr. Staufenfels acutely observed, it was impossible to put nature on its legs, when it is positively determined to walk upon its head. Well, as I observed before, the fiend knew what he was about if the doctors did not.

"But pray," interrupted the Marchioness, "how did Gretchen support this remarkable dispensation?"

Oh! much better than her unfortunate husband deserved. She began to consider the many postmasters relied upon for an enlightened co-operation in carrying on the business of the Department; and this expressed fear is on the score of a possible curtailment of their rates of compensation. Nothing is further from such a result, as will be learned by a brief explanation of the matter in question. As the case stands at present, fifty thousand folios of transcript are sent to Washington each quarter, from but *five* post offices, to enable the Auditor to keep the office accounts correctly. The reform in question proposes to *do away with all this*—to so simplify the method of doing business, that whilst all parties are saved immense labor and perplexity, the compensation of the Postmaster remains the same. But perhaps the best explanation of what is contemplated in the direction indicated can be had from an letter addressed by the Postmaster General to the Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads of the House of Representatives. We give an extract.

The first seven sections refer to the mode of compensating Postmasters, a subject which has heretofore claimed the attention of Congress, and one which I consider of the first importance to this Department. The following are among the more prominent reasons which present themselves to my mind, in

CHALCIDEAN.

Ten Reasons why you should use the Chalcidean.

1st. It will not rot or injure the finest fabric.

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2d. It saves one half the labor required in the use of Soap alone, and gives a more beautiful whiteness to the clothes.

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3d. It saves one-half the Soap in washing clothes.

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4th. Flannels and Colored Goods can be washed with the same safety and care as Cotton or Linen.

CHALCIDEAN.

5th. In washing clothes they need less rubbing on the wash-board, thereby saving wear and tear.

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6th. For removing grease and dirt from paint and Clothes, nothing is equal to it.

CHALCIDEAN.

7th. In washing Dishes it requires no soap at all.

CHALCIDEAN.

8th. It is a charming febrifuge. Washing the body with it about the same strength for washing clothes, it opens the pores and promotes insensitiveness. For removing the heat of the skin of Inflammation, nothing is better. (It is used in the U. S. Army hospitals.)

CHALCIDEAN.

9th. It is a powerful disinfecting agent. It purifies from infection and protects the washer from disease.

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C. F. WELLS & CO.,

No. 9, Lindall Street, Boston,

Agents for Massachusetts, and at retail by Grocers generally.

R. H. HOOPER, General Agent,

134 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Agents wanted for every County and Town in New England. Grocers please send for it.

HARD TIMES COFFEE,

The very best

Substitute for Pure Coffee; And not distinguished from Pure Java by people generally.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

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DR. HAYES' CERTIFICATE.

—HARD TIMES COFFEE.—This substitute for the more expensive kinds of Coffee has been analyzed chemically and microscopically, and found to be equal to the best. The following is a copy of his report on composition with the manufacturer's statement. ——————

A. A. HAYES, M. D., Medical Lawyer,

16 Boylston St., Boston, 26th Feb., 1864.

32 m. e. o. w.

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ARCTIC SODA WATER,

Which runs in a constant stream at No. 5 WADE'S BLOCK.

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Celebrated for its excellence all over the world. For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

English, French and American

BRUSHES,

FOR THE

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TOILET SOAPS,

Genuine.

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For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

EPHRAIM CUTTER, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

CORNER OF PLEASANT AND BENNETT STREETS,

WOBURN CENTRE.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the will of JOHN O'BRIEN, late of Burlington, Vt., of the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself to trust by giving bonds, as the law directs, to all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, as required to be done by the law.

FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

DR. ED. BOADMAN, 914 Broadway, N. Y.

Apparatus and securities sent by express.

W. M. WINN, Exec.

Burlington, May 21st, 1864.—34 M.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the will of O'BRIEN STEARNS, late of Winchester, Vt., of the County of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself to trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to be done by the law.

EDWARD STEARNS, Admin.

Winchester, April 26th, 1864.—34 M.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.

BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

18 Temple Place, (Formerly 30 Bromfield Street.)

R. GREENE, M. D., Superintending Physician.

This Institution was established for the cure of Diseases by the use of vegetable remedies, entirely free from animal poisons.

It is successful practice, for six fifteen years, and offers inducements to invalids for the recovery of health not to be found elsewhere.

Spas, Scrubas, and humors of the blood.

Diseases of an ordinary character, such as

Diabetes, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, &c.

Complaints of the heart, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Consulting in ordinary diseases \$1, and all let

ments requiring medical advice, enclosing the above amount, will receive prompt attention.

A pamphlet descriptive of treatment will be sent free.

All letters to be addressed to R. GREENE,

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LION, BY THAYER—\$1.25.

CHARLES H. WARD, & CO., Publishers.

One copy of each book \$1.25.

WALKER, WISE & CO., Publishers, Boston.

5th. In washing clothes they need less rubbing on the wash-board, thereby saving wear and tear.

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6th. For removing grease and dirt from paint and Clothes, nothing is equal to it.

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9th. It is a powerful disinfecting agent. It purifies from infection and protects the washer from disease.

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10th. It imparts a brilliant lustre to Jewelry, Plate, Brass, &c., thereby superseding the necessity of all polishing powders.

N. B.—Use one spoonful to a cup of water.

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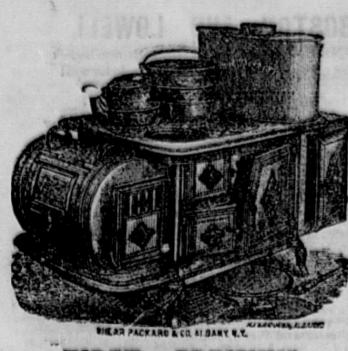
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BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING
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Main Street, Woburn.

We call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

BLANK BOOKS.

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Particular attention paid to printing

POSTERS OF EVERY SIZE.

Also—Visiting, Wedding, Ball and

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Persons in the adjoining towns who may

wish printing done, can send their orders by mail

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promptly and correctly filled.

Don't fail to read this.

COFFEE! COFFEE! COFFEE!

The East India Coffee Co.,

154 Broad St., (three doors from Greenwich Street), N. Y., call universal attention to their

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

has all the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, and is but half the price; and also that KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE has twice the strength of JAVA, or any other Coffee whatever and wherever used by our first class hotels and steamboats, the stewards say there is a saving of 50 per cent.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. The workmen in every part of the country, who have used it, will tell you that W. Eaves, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey city, who has not been able to use any coffee for fifteen years, can use

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, three times a day without injury, it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement.

Dr. JAMES BOYLE of 155 CHAMBERS STREET, says: "I have never known any Coffee so healthy, nutritious, and free from all injurious qualities."

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, advises you to drink it whenever you feel that you have it prohibited the use of coffee."

The PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK EYE INSTITUTE, says: "I direct all the patients in my institution to use exclusively

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, and would be without it on any account."

The Rev. C. LARUE, an eminent clergymen of the M. E. Church, now stationed at Haleday street, Newark, says of

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE:

"I have used it nearly a year in my family, and find it produces no effect on the head or nervous system, as in the case of all other Coffees. It is exceeding nutritious, and I heartily recommend it to all clergymen and their families."

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, is used daily by the families of Bishop Ames, Bishop Baker, Bishop James, and many of the most distinguished clergymen and professional men in the country."

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

and be sure that the packages are labeled.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, 154 Broad Street, New York.

as there are numerous counterfeits about under the name of "Genuine East India Coffee," "Old Government Coffee," etc., put forth by impostors to deceive the public.

Wholesale Agents: H. & C. MOLAN, and W. H. HENRY & BROTHERS, Philadelphia; Francis H. P. FRENCH & CO., Boston; W. H. STODDARD, Pyron & Lee, Springfield, Mass.; S. N. CALLENDER, 116 Broad St., New York; W. BOYD, Boston; W. H. SHIELDS, Corydon, Ind.; C. C. GARIBOLD, Chicago.

The Am. Adv. Agency 308 Broadway, N. Y., will receive orders for the above named coffee.

Business Department—E. ALFORD, Corsepe Dep., FOULKE & WILLES.

JOHN G. COLE,
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Paintings—White-washed and Colorado done in the easiest manner. Also Graining and Marbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description varnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality, consistent hand.

577 SHOT, first being south of the Branch Railroad Depot, Main street.

FARINA COLOGNE!

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W. C. BRIGHAM, 21-68.

THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT

Geo. H. Swett, M. D.—Proprietor

106 HANOVER STREET,

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Bure and get that prepared at the

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106 HANOVER STREET,

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For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers generally throughout the country.

JOHNS & CROSELEY,

(Sole Manufacturers),

78 William street,

Corner of Liberty street, NEW YORK.

For preserving Cider, on hand and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

125 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

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CHARLES A. SMITH,

American and Foreign

DRY GOODS,

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For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM.

TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA

Lyons' Periodical Drops,
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The Great Female Remedy!
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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII. : No. 37.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

My Old Home.

Back to the home of my childhood,
My thoughts irresistibly go,
Like bees frequenting the wildwood,
Where woodbine and honeywort grow.

I think of the hills where I coasted,
Of the boys I rolled in the snow;
I think of the chestnuts I roasted,
And ate with a girl dressed in blue.

The girl dressed in blue? shall I tell
What a heaven she had in her eye?
And her laugh! it reminds me well
Of the music they sing in the sky.

I think of the school where I studied,
The old brown house on the hill,
Whose young love, like Aaron's rod, bud-
ded,

And scholars were ground in a mill.

And don't I remember my teacher,
Magnificently swinging the birch,
Over embryo lawyer and preacher,
That marked for the bench and the church.

Thoughts thick as berries in autumn,
Thus hallow the home of my youth,
Where blessed I laid up my fortune,
In lessons of virtue and truth.

Let others beyond the wide ocean
Gather harvests of knowledge and
honor;

My old home, with a pilgrim's devotion,
I'll seek at least once in a year.

Select Literature.

AN HOUR WITH A SNAKE CHARMER.

Seeing is believing, so says the proverb, and if one is anxious to have doubts removed on any subject, no process will be found so effectual as that of careful ocular demonstration—more especially when that evidence is sceptically examined before its reception as truth. Such was my intention when, for the first time in my life, I was lately introduced to an Indian snake charmer.

During a professional ride through the station in which I am quartered I felt somewhat fatigued with the heat of the sun, which was just then excessive, and ventured to call on a friend for a short shelter, despite the full conviction that I should find him indulging in that mid-day "siesta," so common a luxury to the Europeans living in that climate, and yet so marvelously productive of liver, con-
siderable, and spleen disease.

"Never mind me; come in, old boy," was my friend's salutation, which I swerved in person by entering his bedroom, rakened by artificial means. Making my way to his bedside, I was surprised at seeing so very bright objects glistering in the corner of the room. I advanced towards them but more quickly retired, on being assailed by a loud and unmistakable hiss. I involuntarily a scream in due was performed by my friend and myself, and the native servants were somewhat startled by shrieks of "A snake, a snake! Get a gun!"

A consultation was held—of course outside the room, and I need not say, some distance from the door. Various results were arrived at; some suggested shooting, others smoking. One, apparently more courageous than the rest, proposed that the snake should be caught, and then destroyed.

However, as the originator of this bright idea did not seem in haste to carry his suggestion into practice, and as none of us wished to deprive him of the honor, it was agreed to send to the native bazaar for an Indian snake-charmer. In the meantime we thought another look could do no harm. Carefully and slowly was that door opened. Nervously and tremblingly we peeped in—gradually advancing, looking everywhere—jumped at the least rustle or sound, presenting sorry spectacles of Her Britannic Majesty's soldiers. But soldiers don't like snakes. Why should they?

"Why he's gone!" "Take care!" "Look in the bed, cupboard, drawers, nooks and corners." "No snake!" Then, for the first time we laughed.

"Hallo! what's this piece of stick near the wall?" "By jove it's tall! Phew!" "Don't speak, we shall lose him!" "Here's the charmer."

He came, a tall, muscular native, a slip of cloth round his waist, his hair long and matted except in the center of his head, which was shaved close in a circle, and a turban covering it, bearing over his shoulders two baskets and his musical instrument, made out of a gourd with a single bamboo pipe, coming from its upper end, and two smaller ones from its lower, like a flute, whilst the breath is blown through the upper and singed out.

Before he was allowed to enter the room he was searched, and his baskets and instruments taken from him. Nothing could have been concealed, for his clothing was reduced to its minimum, and he only carried a short iron rod.

He was shown the hole in which we supposed the snake to be, for now the reptile's tail had disappeared. He lay down on the floor and placing his face close to the hole, exclaimed, "Burp! sap! sabit bahut burba. (Big snake, your honor, very big.)" Without any more protraction he recommenced digging round the hole, and removed some of

the brick-work. In a few minutes he showed us the tail of the reptile, and with sundry incantations in Hindostanee and curious contortions of his body, seized hold of the tail, and gradually drew forth the snake.

It proved to be a fine specimen of the cobra—black, about five feet long, at the thickest part eight round, with a hood measuring, when extended, five inches across.

This reptile he handled freely whilst it was hissing and darting its tongue out every second.

Taking it into the yard or compound, he released it. The brute wriggled itself towards him, and when within a foot or so reared itself up, spread out the enormous hood, and prepared to strike at its captor. But the charmer was not to be wounded. He seized his primitive musical instrument and commenced very slowly to produce low and soft tones, very harmonious, but unconnected. The snake seemed astonished; his hood gradually collapsed, his head and about a foot of his body that was raised from the ground commenced to sway from side to side in perfect harmony with the music, and slower and quicker as the time was decreased or increased. As the man played louder the snake got more excited until it rapid and unusual movements had quite exhausted it, and it subsided.

Again the charmer seized it, and quick as lightning ran his hand upon its body, holding it firmly by the throat. By pressing on its neck, the cobra's mouth opened, and he disclosed the fangs, poison bags, and apparatus complete; thus proving beyond a doubt that it was not a trained or tame reptile he had been treating like a plaything.

Doubts still arose in my mind, however, about the genuineness of the performance, for I could not bring myself to believe that a man would willingly place himself in such close proximity to certain death.

A fowl was now obtained and placed about a foot from the reptile, which was again set free. With the same movements it raised a full foot from the ground, spread out its hood, and with a loud hiss, apparently of satisfaction, darted upon and seized the fowl by the back of the neck. Hanging there for a few seconds, it let go its hold, and the man at the same instant seized it, as he had formerly done, by the head. The fowl almost instantaneously became drowsy, its head falling forward, and the beak striking with considerable force into the ground. This convulsive movement lasted ten seconds, and then the bird lay down as if completely comatose and powerless. In fifteen seconds it gave a sudden start and fell back quite dead. This was the first time I witnessed death from a snake-bite, and it is unquestionably a sudden, quiet, and overpowering poison.

No deception could have been practised in this instance, I was most anxious to see the reptile killed; but the charmer said he would not have it destroyed; that if it were injured the power he had over snakes would be interfered with, and the next one would no doubt bite and kill him. He accounted for his easy capture by saying that that was a great holiday for the snakes, and that they had been enjoying themselves. "This one," said he, "is not living in this house. He has come from his own home visiting; and has lost his way. On this account he got down a wrong hole, and I was enabled to pull him out. Nasty neighbors and abominable visitors, these cobras! I will take this snake home and feed him and make him tame."

However, as insisted on seeing him made harmless, or comparatively so, and directed the man to remove the fangs, he agreed to do, and performed it in this manner—a piece of wood was cut an inch square, and held by the charmer to the head of the snake.

The reptile seized it as he had done the fowl,

and with a dexterous twist of his hand the most primitive performance of dentistry was accomplished. The four fangs sticking into the wood were extracted by the roots and given to me. I have them now, and look on them as more suicidally pleasant than a pint of prussic acid or a cask of white arsenic.

Another fowl was now brought and attacked by the snake as before, but without any effect; it shook itself, rustled its feather and walked away consequently. It is alive still unless some enterprising culinary visitors, these cobras! I will take this snake home and feed him and make him tame."

It was proved beyond any doubt that an India snake-charmer was not a humbug and a swindler, as many suppose, but a strong-minded, quick-eyed, active, courageous man. The cool determination and heroism of the charmer in the present instance was rewarded by the sum of two rupees (4s) and he left the compound with an extra sum in his basket, thankful to the preservers of his children, as he styled as, and to whom he said he owed his life and his existence.

—London Society Magazine.

ED A few weeks since a San Francisco stock operator, disgusted at his losses, concluded to shake off this mortal coil, and take shares in "Kingdom Come." To this end he swallowed a lot of laudanum, which being discovered by his friends, they called in a physician, who by the exercise of force got a stomach pump at work, pumped out the poison and saved the man's life. Physician subsequently sent in a bill of \$50 for his services; laudanum taker refused to pay, saying he had not employed him; physician sued for his money, and laudanum-man threatens to prosecute physician for assault and battery. Rather a pretty case as it stands,

The Girls in My Day.

Not the girls of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, who jump at once from bobs to ball dresses; but the girls of "my day," as old ladies say, and I know I ought to be an old lady, and I am only waiting for my hair to turn gray before I stop jumping down three stairs at a time, and clapping my hands when anything delights me.

Yes, in "my day" girls were girls; and did not a soiled silk dress more appropriate for school wear than a clean, nicely-fitting calico; nor did they run out of school in recess to the nearest confectioner's to get a pocketful of candy and poisonous fruit-drops, to munch in school hours, to spoil their appetite and digestion; nor wear long ribbons, streaming from their hair, or rings, or bracelets, or gold watches; but instead—shilling calico; and learned less Spanish and more sewing; and had women-teachers, kind-hearted, but of iron will, who would stand no girl-nonsense or evasion. The talk of girls in my day was not of "balls and the opera," but their dolls—yes, you may laugh—their dolls; which I played with, well pleased, until I was fifteen years old, and with whom I held long conversations about matters nearest my childish heart, outpouring all my griefs and joys, and going to sleep cheek to cheek with these my silent but steadfast friends. Learning the dexterous use of the needle in the manufacture of their little robes and under garments, which were one day to be exactly reproduced for dolls not quite so silent; but I did not think of that then; no—I only knew that I wanted somebody, if I ever became too big to play with dolls (which I doubted), to whom I could talk freely and would listen to me as patiently as they did. There were little boys among my playmates, to be sure; but it was not the custom then to talk to little girls in pantaloons about their "beaux"; so that we played together without any thought of sex, and when a little boy who used to come and see me Saturday afternoons and sit on a log in the woodshed, poured into my auron a store of three-cornered nuts and raisins, I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him for it as heartily as if he had worn a frock, and told him that my doll had another baby, and that it was a boy, and was to be christened next Saturday.

At that age, in eighteen hundred and sixty-four, I should have been promenading Broadwater in a flounced silk, with an embroidered pocket-handkerchief dangling at the ends of my old gloves, and a French bonnet on the back of my head, declaring that I was "so bored!" As it was, I coasted down hill on the boys' sleds, making fair havoe with my pantaloons; climbing fences like a cat, rolled over and over in the snow, and took my simple supper of bread and milk, and went to bed without a thought of what I should wear the next day.

These recollections often come up to me now, when I meet flocks of school girls with their jester hats and feathers and embroidered dresses, and I wonder are they any happier than I was then; when no policemen stood guard over the mud-puddles that I had to skip across on my way to school. When, if I fell, I had to jump up and take another; when the word headache was unknown to me, and I didn't wait for my plain dinner till three o'clock in the afternoon when school was dismissed; when there were no long lessons to study out of school; but instead, plenty of time to jump and run, and climb, and slide, and play at snow-balling, and, in short, to earn for ourselves good consti-
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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
M. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .95
Half a square (one line) one insertion, .75
Each subsequent insertion, .70
One square one year, 10.00
One square six months, 6.00
One square three months, 4.00
Half a square one year, 6.00
Half a square six months, 4.00
Half a square three months, 2.00
Half a square charged as a square, more than half a square charged as a square.
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, leaded, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents for one insertion.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading, Dr. J. MANSFIELD.

Woburn, Dr. J. W. WILFRED.

Winchester, JOSIAH HOBBS.

Reading, Dr. L. E. D. GLASCOW.

B. M. PITTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. E. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Nealey's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly authorized to transact business for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The intention of business men everywhere is to call to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates in all the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in it.

EVERY KIND OF JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Our Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The Union Convention, which met at Baltimore on Tuesday, was large in numbers and harmonious in action. The re-nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President, was expected, and the Convention could not have done better, had it remained in session until the day of election in November. That Abraham Lincoln at this moment, is the most popular man for the office, no one can deny, and his political enemies are forced to admit that he is eminently qualified for the position, and that his official doings, so fraught with difficulties, during the past three years, have given universal satisfaction at home and changed the current of opinion abroad. No charges of corruption or deception can be brought against him; and the country ought to feel grateful that it has an opportunity to acknowledge his eminent services, by giving him for another four years, the highest office it has to bestow. To recount what he has done would be useless; his many noble acts are fresh in the minds of the people, and we venture to say that President Lincoln will leave as clear a record as any President since the days of Washington.

The choice of Governor Johnson of Tennessee, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, was judicious. Governor Johnson received his political education in the school of Gen. Jackson; and it is not too much to suppose that many of the qualities of the old hero will be found in his pupil. Gov. Johnson has proved himself a true union man, and one that was disposed to stand by the administration in all its measures for the suppression of the rebellion. His noble language on more than one occasion, has thrilled thousands of loyal hearts, and turned many a one who stood wavering between two opinions, to the support of the Government. He will render President Lincoln valuable aid.

The Baltimore ticket will be popular with the masses, and it will take a stronger combination than any yet named to defeat it. In times like the present, it is not judicious to make important changes in the government. We need men that are acquainted with the duties to be performed, and to place a new man in the presidential chair, at this time, would be more disastrous to the country than the loss of a great battle. Every man now has an opportunity to aid his country by doing all that he can to ensure the election of the Baltimore nominees, and we hope no blind prejudice will prevent any one from doing his duty.

FUNERAL OF ANOTHER WOBURN SOLDIER.—The funeral of Private Wm. H. Hoskins, of Co. K, 39th Regt., who died at Washington last week from the effects of wounds received in one of the recent battles, took place from the First Congregational Church, on Thursday afternoon last. The funeral was attended by the Selectmen and other officers of the town, and by a number of the returned soldiers; also by Engine Company No. 1, of which, at the time of his enlistment, the deceased was a member.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.—The 226th anniversary of this Company occurred on Monday last. The occasion was observed in the usual manner and a pleasant afternoon was spent by all. At the election of officers, Capt. W. T. Grammer, of Woburn, was chosen First Lieutenant.

MEETING OF RETURNED SOLDIERS.—The Returned Soldiers of Woburn, meet at the Armory, this evening, for the purpose of considering the expediency of forming a company of active militia, in conformity with existing laws of this Commonwealth."

REASONED.—Dr. Samuel W. Abbott, of Woburn, has resigned his position as Asst. Surgeon on board the U. S. S. Niagara and returned home. We believe it is his intention to devote himself to the practice of his profession in Woburn.

The Curriers of Woburn, hold a meeting at their hall, this evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

Letter from Gen. Butler's Department.

POINT OF ROCKS, Va., June 6, 1864.
Mr. EBBOTT.—Last week I called upon Gen. Butler, and found him as sociable and easy as at home in his office. He was alone in his private tent, resting upon a couch over which was spread a deep blue blanket, with a scarlet fringe around the edge, while upon the top, over the pillow, I observed wrought all the stars of the whole Union. It was a neat and appropriate quilt for a commander. Two tables in the tent were covered with maps of this region, drawings for defences, and plots for engineering work. His tent was comfortable without show, ornamented with a sword and pistol, a glass, comb and brush—articles of prime necessity in camp life. As I had recently come from Mass., the General had many questions to ask of the feelings of the North and its disposition to sustain the war, remarking:—“If we would conquer we must have patience to the end.” However much men may differ about Gen. Butler's military capacity, no one can deny his able administrative talent, particularly when that talents is called into exercise over traitors, and milk-and-water Union men. Gen. Butler has always sustained the Government in its most active policy, while personally he has been in advance of that policy. The position that he now holds is one requiring skill and prudence to conduct—near the rebel Capital, in an unfavorable region, with a wily and active enemy, watching and ready to pounce upon his columns, if for a moment unguarded. To strengthen another arm of the war, a majority of his troops are taken away, so that activity and attention must compensate for a loss of numbers. The time may soon come when this great “beast” may be bound and unable to move.

Wm. R. Fowle, of Woburn, has enlisted in the 11th Mass. Battery.

Sergt. John Gilcrest of Co. K, 39th Regt., arrived home from Washington last evening.

PERSONAL.—Mr. John R. Dennett, of Beaufort, S. C., (late of Woburn) arrived in town last evening. He was one of the delegates from South Carolina, chosen to attend the Baltimore Convention.

FROM CO. K.—Letters from Co. K, 39th Regt., dated May 31st, report the Woburn boys all well, but extremely foot-sore from constant marching. They were in good spirits, and “bound for Richmond.”

WOBURN STATE GUARD.—This Company turned out in full numbers for drill on Tuesday evening under Commander T. J. Pierce.

COMMITTEE MEETING.—The Recruiting Committee of Woburn will find a notice in another column, in which they are interested.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY, has reached us through A. Williams & Co., of Boston. The contents are as follows:—The Drummer Boy's Burial; Scenes in the War of 1812; Coal and Coal Mining; Laura and her Hero; Soundings; How it happened; Doomed to Music; Three years; Three years in Montgomery; One of the Nobles; My Boat; The Unkind Word; Denis Duval; The Fortunes of War; In Dixie; Old Lamps for New; The Heart's Longings; Our Mutual Friend; The Contrast; Monthly Record of Current Events, &c. For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

POLITICAL.—The Chicago Journal, which has for a long time past been the special champion of J. C. Fremont, thus speaks of his present course:

“The name of John C. Fremont has occupied an honorable place among Freedom's leaders in this country, and thousands of good men have regarded him with a feeling approximating that of affection. But now, by a few reckless dashes of his pen, he spoils his fair fame, and destroys the confidence and respect of his friends. Mr. Lincoln will be nominated at Baltimore, by the regularly called, regularly constituted, and emphatically instructed convention of the unconditional Union men of the loyal States; and John C. Fremont—alas that we should have to say it of him!—will occupy the unenviable and dishonorable position, all through this momentous political contest between the friends and foes of the Republic and freedom, of opposing the candidate of the loyal people, and throwing the influence of his name and efforts on the side of the country's and freedom's enemies, by dividing and thus weakening the Union party, as far as he and the small faction that supports him, can divide and weaken it.”

CANINE SACRAGTY.—The New York World tells a story of wonderful canine sagacity. A Newfoundland dog in that city is accustomed to go daily to a news stand on the corner of Chambers street and West Broadway, and with open mouth and wagging tail, asks for a copy of the World; the animal being sent by his master on the errand. A day or two since, says the World, the Tribune was handed to the brute, instead of the accustomed paper, when the animal, with intense disgust, shows by his drooping tail and upturned snout, dropped the offensive sheet. The World thereupon moralizes; and advises that henceforth the Tribune be dedicated only to those stomachs that can withstand the dose. The advice is good doubtless. But we would add, “Let the New York World continue to be thrown to the dogs.” [New Bedford Mercury.]

NOR THE MUSIC.—The papers say that the band welcomed Mrs. Gen. Butler at Bermuda Hundred, among other tunes, with “Come where my love lies dreaming.” This was decidedly inappropriate. Nobody accuses General Butler of being sleepy. As a rule the complaint has been that he was too wide awake. Possibly he was caught napping in that “fog” but even that may be cleared up.

French papers announce that a convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple, where he was officiating as a very pretty lady's maid, and had been doing all the duties of his role for three months.

If some grease gatherer from the North would come out here, he could soon make a fortune gathering up the waste fat. So with old rags, every camping ground is covered with them, tons and tons can be picked up,

which at home are worth 18 and 20 cents per pound. When Gen. Smith left here to go to the White House, \$1000 worth of old coats, vests, pants and blankets could have been gathered up and cleaned, ground over to reappear in the form of new shoddy garments. With full liberty and protection from Government, the right to collect the waste material of 25,000 soldiers, would be worth a bonus of \$60,000 per year.

I see by the papers that Woburn has met with severe losses in the recent battles. Sorry to see the names of many with whom I am acquainted, but the patriotism of the town will look well to the comfort of the wounded and the dependents of the dead.

Soon you may look for news that will thrill with joy every Union man of the land. The notes are sounding, the armies are gathering, victory is coming. R.

NEWSPAPERS.—We have seen the first number of a paper called the *Winchester Transcript*, published from the office of Mr. John L. Parker of Woburn. It is to be devoted to matters and things transpiring in Winchester, though nearly all the matter is called into exercise over traitors, and milk-and-water Union men. Gen. Butler has always sustained the Government in its most active policy, while personally he has been in advance of that policy. The position that he now holds is one requiring skill and prudence to conduct—near the rebel Capital, in an unfavorable region, with a wily and active enemy, watching and ready to pounce upon his columns, if for a moment unguarded.

The father of R. B. Sheridan, who was a stage manager, loaned the beautiful but penitent Misses Gunnings stage dresses of “Lady Macbeth” and “Juliet,” in which they were introduced to the Court. Very soon after this a most diabolical scheme was formed by some unprincipled young men; they invited Mrs. Gunnings and her two daughters to dinner, and infused strong narcotics in the wine, intending to take advantage of the intoxication which must ensue to carry off the two young women. Fortunately Sheridan discovered their base designs, and arrived just in time to rescue the ladies. Sheridan lived to see one of these girls Duchess of Argyle, and the other Countess of Coventry; and it is melancholy to add, lived to see his application for admission to their parties rejected.

NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTIONS are infallible tests of a man's honesty. If a man is dishonest he will cheat the printer in some way—say that he has paid when he has not—or sent money and it was lost by mail—or will take the paper and will not pay for it, or will move off, leaving it to come to the office he left. Thousands are dishonest, and the printer's book will tell fearfully on the day of settlement at the judgment day.

BY AN ACT OF THE LAST LEGISLATURE it is made a part of the duty of the Assessors to take a list of all dogs owned or kept in their respective cities and towns on the first day of May with the owners or keepers names and return the same to the City or Town Clerk on or before the tenth day of July. Any rufus to give correct answers in regard to the ownership of the dogs to be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars. It is also a part of the duty of the Chairman of the Selectmen within ten days from the first day of July to issue his warrant for the destruction of all dogs in town not licensed and collared according to the provisions of this Act. As this act does not go into effect until about the middle of the present month, it will not probably affect the proceedings of this year.

RECEPTION.—Last Thursday evening, a public reception was given to J. D. Sharon and C. H. Hazleton, who returned a few days previous from a long service in the army, by the members of Excelsior Engine Company, and others of our citizens. A procession was formed under the marshals of C. H. Dupee, accompanied by a band of music and marched through some of the principal streets. The returned veterans rode in a barouche and a detachment of the Boston Light Dragoons residing in town acted as body guard. After the marching, the company repaired to the hall of the Engine House, where a bountiful collation awaited them, and to which ample justice was done.

The St. Louis Sanitary Fair has taken \$400,000, and Gen. Hancock is ahead on its sword.

The story of Miss Picken's death at her bridal is said to have no foundation whatever in fact.

The Washington hospitals are said to be terribly crowded and the mortality very large.

Hancock gained the St. Louis sword by 2403 votes. McClellan was next.

Substitutes are “up” in New York, and prices range from \$450 to \$500.

Why should not Dr. Watts's Poems be read by youth? Because they contain hymnality.—[Punch.]

A contemporary suggests that a military leader shouldn't be all head or all heart. He should be at least half pluck.

Nine thousand bales of cotton arrived at New York last week, and it is Sherman's army that will let out more.

The imports of foreign dry goods at the port of New York for the month of May have been nearly double the total for the corresponding month of last year.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Gazette says “the women's reform movement in the matter of dress seems to have been a fizzle, and we hear no more about it.”

A certain dry goods establishment in New York is said to have sold “twelve thousand dollars worth of goods to one lady last week.” That does not look much like calico, or homespun.

PRENTICE says Fremont and Cochrane are for “free press, free speech” and free negroes, and pretty much anything else they can make free with.

The Tavelier states that a citizen of Bedford, Me., who, a little more than a year ago, worked as a machinist in Laconia repair shop for one dollar and a half per day, now pays a tax on a net income of \$27,000—made by the manufacture of cotton machinery.

A FATAL HALT.—The following sad story we find in an account of some of the firing along Gen. Grant's lines on Sunday, given in the N. Y. Times:

“A chance shot to-day also worked some mischief in the 2d Rhode Island regiment. The term of the regiment had expired, and it was going from the front, bound for home. Having got, as was supposed, well out of range, the order was given to halt, and a moment after came the rushing ball, bringing its death message to two poor fellows, who, after faithful service, were full of joyful anticipations at the speedy prospect of being home again. Their fate was doubly shocking.

French papers announce that a convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple, where he was officiating as a very pretty lady's maid, and had been doing all the duties of his role for three months.

The horror of the young married lady, and still more of the husband, may be imagined when the police said, “That young woman is the man we want.”

AMY SOLOMON, of Attleboro, Massachusetts, died a few days since, at the age of one hundred and seven years.

CHALCIDEAN.—This excellent cleanser, which is advertised in our columns, is rapidly taking the place of soap in many uses to which a article is employed. For washing clothes it is more economical than soap, and as by its use these require less scrubbing, it saves both wear and labor. A trial will convince the most sceptical of its superiority as a cleanser.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—In a Convention of the Selectmen and School Committee, last Thursday evening, Mr. Charles H. Stanton was chosen to fill the vacancy in the latter named Board.

TO THE OFFICERS.—Mr. Francis H. Johnson has been chosen, by the Selectmen, Surveyor of Highways, and Mr. Josiah A. Coolidge, Librarian, Agent, for the ensuing year.

DOORS.—Only seven dogs appear to have been licensed this year, while the race is becoming extinct here, if we are to judge from this fact. But ocular proof is not wanting to show the contrary, and the statement evinces a disregard of the law in relation to these animals, when in fact there is an increase rather than a diminution of them. Better to have the law repealed than to have it dead letter so far as its observance is concerned.

WAG ITEMS.—J. D. Sharon and C. H. Hazleton, of the 2d Regiment, whose term of service has expired, arrived home on Monday evening, in good health.

DR. INGALLS left town last Monday, to join his regiment, now in active service in the army of the Potomac.

PASTORAL RESIGNATION.—At a meeting of the members of the Congregational Church on Wednesday evening of last week, it was unanimously voted to request their pastor to withdraw his letter of resignation, and a committee of five were appointed to communicate the vote to the man. The committee have waited upon him and he has taken the matter under consideration, and will make known his decision in due time.

HIGHWAYS.—Those of our citizens, or others, who pass over Bacon street, cannot fail to notice the condition of the sidewalk in front and above the Mystic School House, on this street. To say that it is a disgrace to the town, will not be using too strong an expression, while it is also dangerous for the children attending the school. At the last March Town Meeting a vote was passed directing that a bank wall be built and the sidewalk properly fixed, but nothing has, at the time of writing,



MIDDLESEX JOURNAL
BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT,

Main Street, Woburn.

WE call the attention of the public to the facilities of the above establishment for the execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING.

We are prepared to supply all classes of the community with any kind of printing they may need.

**FIRST PREMIUM
COOK STOVE**

THIS Stove took the First Premium at the State Fair held at Rochester, October 1st, 1862, and again at Utica, September 16, 1863.

Economy is Wealth?

This maxim will be fully demonstrated by buying an

**AMERICAN HOT AIR
COOKING STOVE,**

AS it will bake, boil and roast better than any other Stove, with a saving of 25 per cent in fuel, and a very large percentage in convenience.

They have the following advantages:

1st. They are constructed with a view of great durability, the plates exposed to the fire are made of an extra thickness.

2d. The flues are lined with a conducting element, therefore applying heat direct to the oven, and the oven can be heated and kept in baking order with less fuel than any other stove.

3d. They have a hot air draft, which not only makes the fuel burn more completely, but adds to the heating and baking facilities.

4. They consume all the gasses from the fuel, thereby saving largely the amount of heat obtained from the use of fuel.

5th. The Stove is made, mounted and finished in the most superior manner. The oven is large and well proportioned, the plates are well made in form, and made for use; to adopt the language of some who have used this Stove, "It will do more work with less fuel than any other stove." In proof we add the following testimony:

American Hot Air Cooking Stove.
I have a large family, and as I have a large family, I purchased you the fore part of June last, called the American Hot Air Cooking Stove, in all respects as recommended; and we could not be more satisfied with it. The plates were so well made that we were unable to replace it with one of the same kind. To make a long story short, it is perfect in every particular. It bakes, roasts and boils first rate, besides being a good cooking stove of fuel. My wife thinks it superior to Stuart's (which she has used), as it is capable of doing the work of two stoves. We have many customers in want of a perfect Stove, have them call on me if they have a doubt as to the good qualities of the American Hot Air Cooking Stove. Respectfully yours, C. H. McLEAN.
Canajoharie, July 1, 1863.

Mr. G. P. STODDARD, Esq., Conn., April 17th 1863.
Last December we purchased from you the "American Hot Air Cooking Stove." We have seen nothing of the kind which is constructed on such scientific principles, and which is so well adapted to obtain the heat—obtaining the greatest amount of heat possible at a small expense, and so distributing it to secure all the results for which a Cooking Stove is required. We have seen that it fully realizes all the expectations which we had formed from the recommendations which we had seen, and we are now in a position to recommend it to all in search of such an article, as combining economy and utility. Yours, ALEX. MCLEAN, Jr.
Member of the 1st Cong. Church, Fairfield, Conn.

SHÉER, PACKARD & CO.,
17 & 19 Green St., Albany, N. Y.
For Sale by J. E. LORING, Worcester,
L. PATCH, & CO., Fitchburg, and
L. L. FOOTE, & CO., Lowell, Mass.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS.

COFFEE! COFFEE! COFFEE!

The East India Coffee Co.,

154 Broadway, (three doors from Greenwich Street), N. Y., call universal attention to their

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, has all the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, and is half the price; and also that of

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, has twice the strength of Java, or any other Coffee whatever and wherever used, the stewards say is a saving of 50 per cent.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. The weak and infirm may use it at all times with impunity. The wife of Rev. W. Newell, a local member of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any coffee for fifteen years, can use this.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, three times a day without injury, it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement.

DR. JAMES BOYLE, of 155 CHAMBERS STREET, New York, has never known a more healthy, nutritious, and free from all injurious qualities as

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, I advise my patients to drink it universally, even those to whom I have hitherto prescribed the use of it.

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK EYE INFIRMARY says: "I direct all the patients of our Institution to use exclusively

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, and would not be without it on any account."

The Rev. C. LAURE, an eminent physician of the M. E. Church, now stationed at Halloway street, New York, says: "I have used Kent's East India Coffee for many years, and can assure you that it is exceedingly pleasant, and I cordially recommend it to all clergymen and their families."

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, I have received numerous testimony from different parts of the country where used. Knowing it is capable of doing, I will warrant every bottle of my "Cordial" to be satisfactory in respect to its quality.

The following symptoms indicate those affected in which the Female Strengthening Cordial would be invaluable—

Indisposition to Exercise, Weakness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alternate Colds and Flashes of Heat, Dragging Sensations in the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching along the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance.

Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.

It is a special remedy in all Uterine Diseases, Chlorosis or Green Sickness, Irregularity, Painful Menstruation, &c., &c.

It is also a great remedy in all the most distinguished clergymen and professional men in the country."

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

and be sure that the packages are labeled,

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, 154 Broadway, New York.

There are numerous counterfeits sold under the name of "Genuine East India Coffee," or "Original East India Coffee," etc., put forth by importers to deceive the unwary.

In 1 lb. packages, and boxes of 25, 50, and 100 lbs. and 1000 lbs. and large consumers. Sold by Grocers generally.

Orders from Country Grocers collected, who

are to be had at the office of W. J. Hause & Brother, Philadelphia; Francis H. Perry, Providence; A. L. Waite & Co., Boston; W. C. Green, New Haven; W. H. Under, Buffalo; George M. Miller & Co., Cleveland; A. A. Colter & Co., Cincinnati; J. & J. W. Bunn, Springfield, Ill.; J. B. Shields, Corydon, Ind.; W. C. Green, Clinton, N. Y.

The Am. Adv. Agency, 30 Broadway, N. Y., will receive orders for the above named coffee.

Business Department—E. ALFORD.

Corresp. Dep.—FOWLER & WELLS.

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

Paints, Hanging, White, and washing and Color,

in the newest manner, and, Glass, and

Painted. PAINTS, OILS and VARNISHES,

equally good, and

very LIBERAL REDUCTION TO WHOLESALE BUYERS.

Price per Bottle, 75 Cents.

Sold by Druggists generally; also, sent to any address on receipt of price.

For sale in Woburn by E. TRULL, and at MRS. FILLER'S MILKHOUSE.

Be sure and get the prepared at the

NEW ENGLAND PHARMACEUTICAL DEPOT.

Gen. Swett, M. D.—Prv. Lister.

140 NOVEMBER STREET,

Corner of Liberty street, NEW YORK.

Just received and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM.

TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA

WOBURN BOOKSTORE!

Lyon's Periodical Drops,
Lyon's Periodical Drops,
Lyon's Periodical Drops,
Lyon's Periodical Drops,

The Great Female Remedy!
The Great Female Remedy!
The Great Female Remedy!
The Great Female Remedy!

Lyon's Periodical Drops
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Lyon's Periodical Drops
Lyon's Periodical Drops

Are Better Than Pills
Are Better Than Pills
Are Better Than Pills
Are Better Than Pills

Lyon's Periodical Drops
The Only Fluid Preparation
The Only Fluid Preparation
The Only Fluid Preparation

Reliable, And Sure To Do Good
Reliable, And Sure To Do Good
Reliable, And Sure To Do Good
Reliable, And Sure To Do Good

And Cannot Do Harm,
And Cannot Do Harm,
And Cannot Do Harm,
And Cannot Do Harm,

If the Directions Are Adhered To
If the Directions Are Adhered To
If the Directions Are Adhered To
If the Directions Are Adhered To

Safe At All Times!
Safe At All Times!
Safe At All Times!
Safe At All Times!

None Others Are Genuine
None Others Are Genuine
None Others Are Genuine
None Others Are Genuine

Beware Of Counterfeits!
Beware Of Counterfeits!
Beware Of Counterfeits!

For my Drops stand before the world as the neplus ultra of all remedies, for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys and bladder, Liver, Bladder, &c., &c.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII. : NO. 38.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Gone to the War.

Our boy has gone to the war,
Our home is dark and dumb,
O, proudly he marched in the ranks,
With bugle and beating drum.
I sit with empty hands;
I listen, and gaze afar;
Life shrinks to a single thought,
Our boy has gone to the war.

I pray as thousands pray
For darlings dear as he;
Our boy has gone to the war,
O, what is his fate to be!
O, what is his fate to be!

The death wound, the battle scar,
The hospital couch, the wasting march,
The glory or woe of war!

Our boy has gone to the war;
I'm sorry the Spartan blood,
That should urge him bravely on,
Run low in my womanhood.

I'm sorry the Spartan blood
Is fainting for life to live;

Instead of the grand huzzas,
I'd only my tears to give.

Our boy has gone to the war!
In dream-hours long and lone,
I lie and think, on the soldier's best,
How the midnight watch has down.

The chamber cool I weep
To know in the sheltered one,

While our brave boy marches with wounded
ed feet

Under the piteous sun.

My God! he has gone to the war!

He marched away with the men;

I gave him the ring from my hand,

I blessed him, I kissed him—and then—

Then, the record's alone with God,

The sacrament of pain,

The anguish which said: For the land we
love

We give our lamb to be slain.

O, the marching, moaning men;

O, the brutal, bellowing guns;

O, the gory fields where the land lies red

With the blood of her slaughtered sons!

How long, Oh Lord, how long,

How long before Tax Day?

How long ere I find angel of peace shall
come

And brothers cease to slay?

Select Literature.

THE POT OF GOLD.

A PRETTY CUTE STORY.

Deacon Bancroft though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants in the village of Centre-ville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, "a pretty sharp eye to the main chance"—a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well-to-do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that, under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helper to share his house and home. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter-of-money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centre-ville, and the towns in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

It happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The Widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was about three or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite comely. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven—too young to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out the scanty income, which of course imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

It is not surprising, then, that under these circumstances she should have now and then thought herself of a second marriage, as a means of bettering her condition. And need we esteem it an especial wonder, if, in her reflection on this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and, being one of the chief persons in the village, could afford her a prominent social position.

Some sagacious person has observed, however, that it takes two to make a match—a fact to be carefully considered; for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive should be brought to bear on him. Here was a chance for

One evening, after a day of fatiguing la-

bor, the Widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting-room, with her feet resting on the fender.

"If I am ever so situated as not to have to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be happy. It's a hard life, keeping boarders. If I were only as well off as Deacon Bancroft."

Still the widow kept on thinking, and by her face brightened up. She had an idea, which she resolved to put into execution at the earliest practicable moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Henry," said she to her son, the next morning, "I want you to stop at Deacon Bancroft's as you go along to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Bancroft was not a little surprised at the summons. However, about eleven o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed.

"Henry told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, Deacon Bancroft, I do; but I am very much afraid you will think very strange of it—at least of what I have to say to you."

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised, although at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes to the floor—"mind, I am only supposing the case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The deacon picked up his ears.

"A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why, unquestionably, the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow, with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, certainly not—when the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the deacon abstractly.

"And deacon, as you are here, I hope you'll stop to dinner with us; it will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon, "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "You won't object to taking a piece of my mince pie; you must know that I rather pride myself on my mince pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice she cut for him; and, after a little more chattering upon unimportant subjects, he withdrew in formal perplexity.

"Can it be possible," thought he, "that the widow has really found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some?" To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the premises who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It might be, after all, the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter-of-money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centre-ville, and the towns in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

It happened that year after year passed away, until Deacon Bancroft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all human probability to remain so.

Deacon Bancroft's nearest neighbor was a widow.

The Widow Wells, who had passed through one matrimonial experience, was about three or four years younger than Deacon Bancroft. She was still quite comely. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her and a little son of seven—too young to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out the scanty income, which of course imposed upon her considerable labor and anxiety.

It is not surprising, then, that under these circumstances she should have now and then thought herself of a second marriage, as a means of bettering her condition. And need we esteem it an especial wonder, if, in her reflection on this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her neighbor, Deacon Bancroft? The deacon, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort; and, being one of the chief persons in the village, could afford her a prominent social position.

Some sagacious person has observed, however, that it takes two to make a match—a fact to be carefully considered; for in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Bancroft, unless, indeed, a suitable motive should be brought to bear on him. Here was a chance for

One evening, after a day of fatiguing la-

bor, the Widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting-room, with her feet resting on the fender.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in quite a flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as—five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise; "or rather we do not allow interest

on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did you know of any one who—

"It is of no consequence," said the widow hurriedly; "I only asked for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as come within your limit?"

"Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you; I merely asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!"

And the widow tripped lightly out.

Shortly afterwards Deacon Bancroft entered.

"How's business now, Mr. Cashier?" he asked.

"About as usual."

"Had any new deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a lady this morning who seemed to have business with you."

"Widow Wells?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," asked the cashier, "whether she has had money left her lately?"

"None that I know," said the deacon, pricking up his ears.

"Was that all she came for?" he inquired a moment afterwards.

"No; she exchanged a gold piece for some bills."

"Ha!" pondered the deacon, reflectively, "did she give any reason for inquiring?"

"No; she said she only asked from curiosi-

ty."

The deacon left the bank in deep thought.

He came to the conclusion that this "curiosity" only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had actually found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was equal to five thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm this story.

"I rather think," said the deacon, complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people,"—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, though, as to the prime fact of people's being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

The next Sunday Widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these—

"How much vanity some people have, to be sure!"

"How a woman who has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out with such a bonnet is more than I can tell; I should think she was old enough to know better."

(This last remark was made by a lady just six months younger than the widow who attempted to catch a husband had hitherto proved utterly unavailing.) "I suppose," continued the same young lady, "she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I would condescend to such a mate."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the deacon abstractly.

"And deacon, as you are here, I hope

you'll stop to dinner with us; it will be ready punctually at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon, "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "You won't object to taking a piece of my mince pie; you must know that I rather pride myself on my mince pies!"

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice she cut for him; and, after a little more chattering upon unimportant subjects, he withdrew in formal perplexity.

"Can it be possible," thought he, "that the widow has really found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she show so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some?" To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who had occupied the premises who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and undoubtedly had many occupants of whom he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him in some measure a matter-of-money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily, the little village of Centre-ville, and the towns in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of those there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
B. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .25
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .25
Each subsequent insertion, .20
One square one year, .10-00
One square six months, .06-00
One square three months, .04-00
Half a square one year, .06-00
Half a square six months, .04-00
Half a square three months, .03-00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.

Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading, T. C. H. & Son, 100 Main Street, Winchester—JONATHAN HOWEY.
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES (successor to B. V. Palmer), Boston; W. H. C. Converse, Boston, are duly empowered to advertise for the Journal, at the rates required by us.

To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to the paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms and ingood style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864

The doings of our army in Virginia during the past ten days, are not clearly apparent, though enough is known to warrant the assertion that Grant has changed his base from the Chickahominy to the James, and that at this point he will give Lee battle. We think it proof positive of the weakness of the rebels, that they allowed this change to take place without endeavoring to prevent it. The next few days will doubtless develop the result of the movement just made, and the bearing it is to have upon the campaign. It is evident that Grant found the rebel position on the Chickahominy too strong to be assaulted successfully, and therefore concluded to try another of his grand flanking operations, which have so greatly disconcerted Lee's arrangements. That everything is going on, is evident, and we must wait patiently for the finale, trusting that, as heretofore, Gen. Grant's plans will be crowned with success.

The last movement of Gen. Grant seems to delight a large class of persons—it is so much, in their eyes, like that which Gen. McClellan undertook two years ago; but for the sake of the country, and all we hold dear, we hope it will not result as his did, and there is every reason for believing that it will not, as Grant's adhesiveness is much stronger than McClellan's, and he will stick to Lee much closer than he will consider comfortable. We care not how Grant may act in accordance with McClellan's plans, if he is only successful. The nation desires to see Lee's army defeated, and its power to do harm broken, and cares not who does it. If we thought that McClellan was best able to accomplish this end, we would by all means wish to see him in command, but as we do not, we are very glad that he is where he is, and hope that he will remain there until the end. The idea of comparing him to Grant is preposterous. There is as much difference between them, as there is between the moon and green cheese. One fights for the glory and salvation of his country,—the other fought for his own salvation and a snug berth for four years in the White House, and he has not yet lost sight of the latter. This we consider a material difference, especially to the country. What does the nation care about the military genius of its generals, if they are not successful? Success is the standard, and by it they are measured. And we claim that McClellan was not a successful general, but the reverse; and that he caused the administration more trouble than any other man who has had command of our army in Virginia. And why his name should be continually blazoned before the country, we can not divine. He could, or would, only see himself as others see him, he would retire to private life and content himself with watching quietly the course of events and the dying throes of the rebellion, the approach of which he did so much to check.

MILITARY.—It has been reported in the New York and Boston papers, that private Charles P. Carling, of the 5th Mass. Battery, who enlisted as one of the quota of Woburn under the last call, was killed on the 8th instant, by a rebel sharpshooter. No direct intelligence has yet been received, concerning his death, by his family.

Orderly Sergt. James E. Tleton, of the 6th New York Battery, has been promoted to a Lieutenancy. This step has been honorably won by Lieut. Tleton, through brave and meritorious service during the past three years. The term of service of the Woburn boys in this Battery will soon expire.

We understand that Private Stephen Shea, of Co. F, 10th Mass. Regt., was wounded in one of the recent engagements.

Also, that Orlando Crocker, of the 59th, (slightly), and Wm. H. Lindsey, 2nd, have been wounded.

AUCTIONS.—This evening at 6 o'clock, Mr. William Winn will offer at auction, on the Common, a variety of articles belonging to the First Cong. Parish, consisting of Cushions, Woolen Carpeting, Stands, Crickets, Gas Fixtures, Lamps, &c., and a valuable Furnace.

LEAP YEAR PARTY.—A number of ladies taking advantage of the privileges which this year affords them, invited their male friends to take a trip to the beach, on Wednesday last. The bills were paid, and the whole affair managed by the ladies, who did themselves much credit, as the sterner portion of the party thought. The affair throughout was very successful, and the "lords of creation" were much pleased with their secondary situation, and wished that leap year would come oftener, it was so nice to go "on a time" without having any of the other usually falling to the lot.

SOMETHING NEW.—Mark Allen has opened a saloon on Main street, opposite the Unitarian Church for the sale of beer, confectionery and his renowned cough lozenges. Those who like a tumbler of cooling, but not intoxicating, beer, will find Mr. Allen's as good as any in the market.

12 Don't forget that Cool Arctic Soda Water, runs in a constant stream, down parched throats, these hot days, at No. 5 Wade Block.

FISH'S LAMP HEATING APPARATUS.—This apparatus can be found advertised in another column, and we can endorse from experience all the proprietors claim for it. Whitely & Tappan, 15 Winter street, Boston, are the agents.

AMERICAN COOK STOVE.—This excellent Cooking Stove is fast gaining in public estimation. It cooks everything in the best manner, and at less expense than many of the stoves now in the market. Any person wishing to examine one of these stoves can do so by calling at this office. We clip the following from a contemporary, and vouch for its truthfulness:

The Best Stove.—That the "American Hot Air Cooking Stove" is the best in the United States, no one who has become acquainted with it can deny, with any truth. We have one now in our use, and are honestly constrained to award it this high honor. So far we find that it requires but half the fuel used by one of the best stoves made in New York city. The manufacturers and inventor say it will save "twenty-five per cent. of fuel"—it will do it—it will do all they claim for it—it will do more. Call and see our "Hot Air," and then go to Port Jervis and buy one.

The LADIES' FRIEND FOR JULY.—The July number of this magazine is one of the best yet issued. It opens with a beautiful and quaint steel engraving, called, "How they caught Fish," which represents a couple of young lovers earnestly engaged in conversation, apparently, much to the astonishment of a party of ladies, who have just come to the edge of the woods. Then follows a very handsome fashion plate, such as this magazine is becoming noted for. Then an engraving of the Empress Eugenie, and a large number of others, devoted to the illustration of the latest styles of dress, &c. The music of this number is a Grand march from the opera of Faust. Price \$2.00 a year; 20 cents a single copy. Subscriptions received at the Woburn Bookstore.

Letter from Co. K, 89th Regt.—
On RICHMOND TURNPIKE,
Near Hanover Town, Va., June 14th, 1864.

FRONT MOODY:—Everything being quiet along our front I sat myself to give you a brief sketch of the doings of the Rangers for the past few days. Thursday May 26, we lay on the South side of the No. Anna river, behind breastworks built the day before. It stormed nearly all day. Lieut. L. F. Wyman Co. H, and privates Robert Corry, Chas. Bush, and John Riley, of Co. K, with others of the regt. & brigade, returned. They were taken prisoners at the battle near Todd's Tavern, Sunday, May 8th, and recaptured by Sheridan on his raid to the rear of Lee's army, the next (Monday) night when within half an hour's walk of Beaver Dam Station, and would have been on the ears bound for Richmond, in less than an hour, had they not been overtaken. At 9 o'clock, p. m. we received orders to pack up quietly. At 10 we left our works and moved slowly along the North Anna just below Jerebo Ford, over a rough, muddy road and reached a hill the other side where we halted and drew three days rations to last five, and rested until 5 o'clock next morning, when we moved off at a rapid rate following down the North side of the river, through a very well cultivated country, bivouacked for the night on a hill near the extensive tobacco plantation of Dr. Cunningham, the largest plantation in Va. The house, which is finely situated, surrounded by large shade trees with a cotton field in front, the plant just sprouting, and a row of negro huts on one side, was once the headquarters of Gen. McClellan, during his campaign on the Peninsula. We slept well that night as the boys were pretty tired and foot sore, having marched over 25 miles that day. Next morning we were routed at 3, got breakfast, and at six moved off in nearly the same direction as the day before, but over a very crooked road passing quite a number of small villages and churches. At 2 p. m. crossed the Pamunkey river and gained the desired position on a ridge nearly a mile from the river, where we built breastworks. We saw nothing, but heard the skirmishing of our cavalry some distance in front of us. We had traveled 18 miles, built a line of breastworks, and at night were glad to lay down to sleep. Sunday 29th—routed at 3, got breakfast, and at eleven we advanced about 5 miles, passing the ninth (Burnside's) corps; saw the Woburn boys in the 50th and found them well, halted just in front of them, when we rested. About 6 our Brigade was ordered out to the left about three miles, to the cross road on the Richmond pike, on picket. The 39th, except two companies, K and B, were sent out in front on picket, while the rest of the Brigade with the two Cos. of our regiment, threw up a line of breastworks, and acted as reserve. Quite early next morning, a cow was driven in and slaughtered, and Co. K received double rations of fresh meat, and all

partook of a bountiful breakfast of meat, potatoes, &c. At 9 the regt. came in, and we moved back to the place left the night before, where we rested a few minutes and then advanced to the right and front and rested behind breastworks, where we cooked dinner and expected draw rations, but about three o'clock heavy musketry was heard to the left of us, and we immediately moved near the place of action, formed line of battle, and advanced through wood and swamp, and after the firing had ceased we halted and threw up breastworks. An occasional shot from the enemy's pickets passed over our heads, one in Co. K was hit on the head by a spent ball—but fortunately it only broke the skin. At about 5, brisk cannonading took place between the 3d Mass. Battalion on our left, and the enemy, and for a few minutes shot and shell flew pretty fast, but our Brigade sustained no loss. At night we received a mail, which is always gladly received by soldiers. Tuesday, 31st—was pleasant but exceedingly hot. Everything quiet along our front; heavy cannonading and musketry on our right and left. Wednesday, June 1—At daylight, routed, got breakfast and at 10 our line advanced about a mile, formed line of battle again and advanced in line through a pine wood and as usual a dense swamp, and after considerable trouble a line was formed and we threw up breastworks along the edge of the swamp while heavy skirmishing and cannonading was going on in front of us. Having the works nearly finished, with traverses on the right of each company as protection against cross fire, at dark we moved to the left into an open field on the brow of a hill, where we erected another line of earthworks as quietly as possible, and then threw up breastworks along the edge of the swamp while heavy skirmishing and cannonading was going on in front of us. 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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 39.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

JUNE ROSES.

The roses have come with the summer,
And the red and the white bloom fair,
And the scent of their balmy breathing
Is loading the drowsy air.

Their shell-like leaves drop lightly
All through the long June hours,
And lie, like perfumed snowflakes,
In the garden's grassy bowers.

Oh, sweet are the wild white roses
That cling to the garden wall
But one that sees not the sunlight
Is sweeter and dearer than all!

One white rose, locked and hidden
In a dark still grave away,
That bloomed on that garden terrace,
One year ago to-day.

When the air was sweet and breezy,
And the roses blushed in the sun,
And their pink leaves floated lightly,
On the west wind one by one.

Then, under the cool rose arbor
We watched the summer storm
Gather and pass o'er heaven,
And its sunlight clear and warm.

And under the sweet green shelter
I leaned on that shoulder tall,
While the thunder rolled above us,
And the drops began to fall.

And he plucked one white rose dripping
With the rain on its petals fair,
And his hand swept over my forehead,
As he wove it in my hair.

Now again the June sun shineth,
But last year's flowers are gone;
Only that white rose, withered,
Lies in its grave forlorn.

In the warm rain, downward patterning
I have given it many a tear,
Shed for the bloom and beauty
That died with the rose last year!

And the love that went with the blossoms
As lovely and frail as they,
And the hand that plucked my white rose,
And is dead, like the flower, to-day!

—Exchange.

Select Literature.

THE MAN WITH A SQUINT.

Compassion is seldom accorded in this world to those who need it the most, and the misfortunes which are felt the heaviest are not those which excite the most attention or awake the greatest sympathy. A thousand accidents may happen, very grievous to the sufferer, but arousing little except the most cursory pity—nay, possibly, even a smile. Society is arbitrary as to what things it will, or will not accord its sympathy: novels, which are the weather-gauge of its sentiments, abound in such capricious distinctions.

For instance, a speculator or spendthrift, who loses property, and is reduced from wealth to a well-deserved misery, is considered, though his conduct may be condemned in the abstract, a highly interesting character; whereas, an honest man without any graces of appearance, may toil all his life, to raise his family above want, without receiving any further praise than that of being a well meaning fellow."

There are arbitrary distinctions, too, drawn amongst corporal infirmities. A hero may break his arm, but never lose his leg; he may go blind, but never become deaf. Consumption is poetical; so is fever, if it be delirious; but who ever hears much of a cold in the head, or a liver complaint? Deformity is not uncommon, and cripples are rather in favor; some authors cannot get on without laying up one more of their dramatic persons with a spinal complaint throughout the tail. Sympathy is allowable for any personage who is blind, dumb, deformed, consumptive, ruined or mad; but he must not have—what in effect is an bad as any of these—a squint!

And now, after this preamble, I fear I shall hardly get any sympathy when I own that I have squinted all my life. I was born with a squint, and for a long time it was feared the child would go into fits—it looked so strange about the eyes!—but I disappointed all the nurse's prognostics, and grew up a healthy boy. The nurses whispered audibly among themselves about my unfortunate optics; the visitors never liked me to come near them, and my playfellows laughed at me. My mother used to console herself with the hope that my eyes would improve as I got older; but they never did—they only grew worse. One eye would be dutifully fixed on the person addressing me, but the other was travelling away at an angle, of forty-five out of the window or toward the door. While I was carefully studying my book with the one, the other disengaged optic would rove over everything in the room; and many is the rap I have got at school for supposed inattention to lessons from this cause alone. Do what I would, I could never bring my eyes to a focus; they pointed to the most opposite corners of the compass. The stereoscope was not in fashion then; but if it had been, I could never have used it—my two points of view were so totally different from any one else's. At the pantomime I seemed to be staring up into the boxes when I was really absorbed in the performance. In short, if I were to enumerate all the petty accidents and mortifications which this unhappy defect caused me to suffer in my childhood and youth, I might fill a volume.

However, I got somewhat accustomed to these misfortunes. At school I could go in at a round too easily for my companions to dare to torment me much, and at college my liberal allowance made all parties anxious rather to be my friends than my foes; but by the time I was nineteen there occurred a heavy change in our fortunes. It was a period of great commercial distress, and our house, which was a large one, suspended payment. My father, whose health had always been delicate, received a shock from which he could not recover. He died, and in a month from that sad time my sister Alice and myself saw ourselves compelled to earn our own livelihood. Her accomplishments easily procured her a situation as governess, and I prepared with ardent hopes, as yet unaltered by disappointment, to seek for employment.

I had good recommendations, and sufficient talent and application to succeed; but I had not yet considered how necessary a personable exterior is to happiness for a man as well as a woman. I do not mean to say that more or less beauty is very important; but it is necessary that a young man should not look like a scoundrel; and this character, I give to say, my sinister squint impressed upon my unfortunate countenance.

The first situation I tried for, was one in the civil service. There were several other competitors, and, although my recommendations and examination were at least as satisfactory as theirs, and I plainly saw my looks were against me. I was politely dismissed till another opportunity of obliging me should occur; and on leaving the room I had the mortification to hear one of the examiners observe, "Young man of sufficient talent, I should think, but there is something so unattractive and designing about his looks that I would not have him for a thousand pounds."

Disappointed but not disengaged, I tried again. This time it was a much lower situation, but the same fate awaited me. The merchant to whom I applied told me coldly that he was already suited, but I overheard his whisper to his partner, "That fellow has 'villain' stamped on his face, or my name's not Johnson. I'll have nothing to do with him."

Alas for my squint! I was indefatigable in my researches, but with the same want of success. At one time I saw the following announcement:—"Wanted a gentleman to collect Advertisements for a Daily Paper." Salary, etc., etc. I remembered that I had been very successful as a boy in canvassing for subscriptions in behalf of the distressed Poles, and, forgetting the subscribers were chiefly friends of my father's, I applied for the situation. I stated my requirements, but the proprietor evidently wished to get rid of me, and at last frankly confessed that he was afraid my appearance would prove against me. I inwardly cursed my obliquity of vision, and left the house with bitterness of heart.

At this time, when I was completely disengaged at my want of success, and was contemplating emigration to the backwoods of America, hoping that my obliquity of vision, from novelty, might have rather a pleasing effect than otherwise on the Chickasaws and Cherokees, a piece of unluckily good fortune happened which obviated all necessity for further applications.

My father's brother, who had been all his life in India, returned home, rich in gold and rupees. As were his immediate heirs, I was disposed to be very civil to him. I went to meet him on board ship, brought him to London, and engaged him a house, where my sister went to reside with him. He conceived a great affection for her, and no wonder, for she was a gentle, pretty girl; but he showed from the first a rooted aversion for me. Of course, like all other misfortunes it originated in my squint, and his dislike increased daily. I was extremely mortified at being so capriciously disliked, but gave it no particular attention, as it would hardly affect my prospects his heir; and, fortunately, for me, a sudden attack of inflammation of the liver carried him off before he had time to alter the will he had already made in India, and I and my sister were left joint heirs of his large property. And now once more happiness seemed within my reach; and her dress was put on more neatly, and there was a certain air of refinement about her which attracted me, as she walked along rather slowly, her hand caressing her dog's head, and humoring some little popular air to herself as she went. I stopped her, and asked her, in my imperfect dialect, (my language, as it was observed, was like Tennyson's "Ulysses," "a part of all that I had met," and comprised extracts from all the tongues of the globe,) if she could direct me to my hotel.

An English child would probably have scratched its head and stared at me in stupid astonishment, but these little foreign maidens are much quicker of comprehension. She looked up as I spoke to her, and answered, readily enough, "Yes, signor," and began a very elaborate description of the way I should take. I was to turn to the right, and then take the second turning to the left, and then cross over by the church, and go straight on till I came to a house with a grating, and then— But I, bewildered, interrupted her, and holding out a few copper coins, asked her if she would guide me. She did not take the money—did not even seem to notice it—but readily assented to my proposal, and set off at a quick pace.

I felt greatly attracted to the sweet and rather sad childish face; she did not stare at me as other children were wont to do, but kept her eyes fixed on the ground, except when I spoke to her. Indeed there was, as I quoted to myself—

"A holiness in those dark eyes;
Which showed, though wandering earthward now,
Her spirit's home was in the skies."

However, while I was thus soliloquizing, she went on talking to me as any other little mortal might have done. I could not comprehend a quarter of what she said; but I made out that her name was Pepita; that her mother was a singer, and that she too could sing a little.

"Sing me something, then, Pepita," I said; and, as we came in sight of the hotel at that moment, I added, "come in with me; I should like a song, and a little more talk with you."

"My mother is ill, sir," she replied, "and I must return to her. Come, Curro," she said, stroking her dog's head fondly.

"It is quite dark," I said. "Shall you be able to find the way?"

"It is not far, sir," was her answer, "and Curro knows the way as well as I."

She was tripping off, when I called after her, "Stop! here is the money I promised you."

She turned, and I put the piece of silver into her hand. She blushed crimson with delight, seized my hand suddenly, pressed it to her lips, and ran away, accompanied by her dog.

I was vexed that I had not asked her where she lived, for I felt a strong liking for the child, the first who seemed to have no sympathy for me. However, I thought I should possibly see her again in a few days; and I was right in my conjecture; for, a week after, on passing by the cathedral square, amidst a crowd of people, I heard a childish voice singing. There was nothing peculiar in the air, and the words were incomprehensible to me; but there was something pathetic and tearful in the voice, which struck me. I wondered whether it might be little Pepita, and I elbowed my way through the crowd to where the singer stood. It was she; but she had left off singing, and was sitting on the ground crying; her inseparable companion, the dog, stood by her, thrusting its great nose up into her face, and otherwise testifying its sympathy, but not one of the passers-by showed any interest in her distress.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I said, stooping down and laying my hand on her head.

"Oh! it is you again. I am so glad!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Now all will be right again."

"But what are you crying for?" I repeated.

"Mother is very ill, and Our Lady does not make her any better, though I have prayed—oh! for so long!—and promised to buy her a silver heart with the next money I earned. You are an Englishman, are you not?" she added, taking my hand, timidly.

"You are a doctor, perhaps? Will you come and see mother, and cure her? Oh! you will come."

"I will come and see her, certainly, Pepita, but I am no doctor. Cannot you get one?"

"We have no money," she replied, "and I thought if I came and sang this morning that perhaps I might get money enough for the heart, and I could give it to Our Lady this afternoon. Perhaps she is waiting for it before she cures mother. But I have sung since daybreak, and no one has listened to me at till you came; and oh! you are so kind, and I love you so much!"

I kept hold of her hand, and told her to take me home with her, but I said nothing more. Her last words, "I love you so much," though uttered in a foreign language and by a strange voice, had brought back the time when my sister, with her arm round my neck, tried to console me for the neglect of visitors, and the sarcasm of our playmates, by assuring me of her affection. Since then how many friends I had lost, and how few gained, owing to my squint! Alice, I knew, loved me still, but it was many years since I had seen her; she had other interests now in her husband and children, and I seemed precluded by fate from ever possessing such.

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MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

The Middlesex Journal,
E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion.	\$1.00
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Half a square (several lines), one insertion.	75
One square (several lines), three insertions.	75
One square one year.	10.00
One square six months.	6.00
Half a square one year.	6.00
Half a square six months.	4.00
Half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.	2.00

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ALL advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

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Woburn—E. T. MOODY.

Reading—JOHN HOWE.

Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES (successor to W. B. Palmer), Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly empowered to receive advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to the present opportunity to increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JON PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864

GOLD.

The gamblers who congregate in Wall street, have succeeded in running gold up to 225, and even as high as 230. It is to be regretted that we have no law to prohibit the speculation in gold, even if it did border on the tyrannical. These gamblers are doing the country untold harm. They prevent honest men from purchasing government stock, by continually boasting of the worthlessness of government currency, and their success is owing in a great degree to the timidity displayed by our capitalists, large and small, in not coming forward and investing in the government loans. Many believe that gold will go still higher than it has. Well, suppose it reaches 300, what of it? Government paper will sooner or later be worth as much as gold. This is something the most sagacious will admit. The real and personal property of the country will always be safe, and from this point of view the prospects are anything but discouraging. Many persons labor under the delusion that the amount of gold and silver coin in the country is an equivalent of its wealth. Now this is not so. The highest financial authorities have never estimated the amount above two hundred and fifty millions, and it is probably much less. But let us admit that it is three hundred millions. According to the Census of 1860, the wealth of the country—its real and personal property—was estimated at fifteen thousand millions of dollars. From these figures any one can easily pencil out the proportion that three hundred millions in specie bears to fifteen thousand millions of property. It is not fifty per cent, nor twenty-five per cent, but only two per cent—that is, the whole amount of specie in the country was never a fifth part of the value of the property.

Specie, or the currency that may stand for it, is only the convenient and recognized medium for making an exchange of products. It represents property in the market, property in transit, but never the fixed property of a nation. Money is the lubricant. It doesn't make value, it simply lubricates the machinery, and keeps the wheels of commerce running smoothly. When too abundant, the wheels run too fast; and when scarce, there is too much friction.

Let us say a word to the "Fainthearts," who can be found in large numbers in every community. If you have a mortgage on your property that comes due next year or any year, provide for it now while you are getting high prices for everything you sell; and if any of you have a bank balance of \$20,000, and are afraid that gold is going up or paper going down about out of sight, and wish to invest this sum in some productive property—will you buy a house worth only \$1,000 in specie, and pay for it \$2,000 in currency? Suppose you wish to sell that house after the resumption of specie payments, it will bring you only \$1,000, and you will have lost exactly \$1,000, or one half. Will that be a shrewd operation? We think not, and believe we can name something better—something by which you can make your bank balance or currency not only worth its face in gold, but a premium besides. Invest in Government Bonds. Buy the 10-40's. After the war is over, they will be worth par in gold and something over—and they pay liberal gold interest from the beginning. If they are not safe, then no property is safe. The same spirit of anarchy that would repudiate your property in the national debt would repudiate it in your house. If the law will not protect you in one description of your property, it will not in another, and your greatest safety as well as profit is in maintaining and strengthening the Government that maintains and supports the law.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary exercises of the First Cong. Sabbath School, take place to-morrow afternoon, in the church, commencing at 4 o'clock.

EXCURSION.—About forty of our citizens went on a fishing excursion yesterday, down Boston harbor.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—During the present week letters have been received, giving information of the death of two Woburn soldiers—Benj. S. Cutler, of Co. E, 16th Mass. Regt. and Irving Foster, of Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt. Both were killed at the attack on Petersburg last week. Thus pass away our brave soldiers, battling heroically for their country.

By the same source intelligence reached town, to the effect, that Albert Gleason, Jr., of Co. K, had lost an arm, and Lieut. L. F. Wyman, Co. H, a finger.

Sergeant Wm. H. Bancroft, of Co. E, 16th Regt., was also wounded in the attack on Petersburg.

Samuel S. Caldwell, of Co. E, 22d Regt., who was wounded in the early part of the campaign, was wounded in the finger at Petersburg.

Lieut. John E. Tidd, of Co. B, 32d Regt., who was wounded in May, arrived home on furlough yesterday morning.

Oliver C. Stiles, of Co. G, 11th Regt., has, with other members of the regt., been discharged, his term of service having expired.

Corpl. Edward E. Tupper, of Co. D, 12th Regt., reached town last week, his term of service having also expired.

Private Sylvester Murray, of Co. K, 39th Regt., wounded at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, is in town on furlough.

Through a paragraph in last evening's Boston Journal, we learn, that Charles P. Carling, of the 5th Mass. Artillery, was killed by the explosion of one of the enemy's shells, and not by a sharpshooter as reported.

Two others were killed and five wounded, by the same shell.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.—The examination of the public schools of Woburn, commenced this week. The Central Grammar School examination, will take place next Wednesday. The graduating class numbers some thirty-five scholars. The High School examination will occur on Thursday, and the graduating class, consisting of fourteen members, will hold exercises in Lyceum Hall, on Friday.

MILLINERY.—It will be seen by referring to our advertising columns, that Mrs. Field offers her stock of Millinery Goods at reduced rates. Her stock is large, varied and of good quality, and purchasers will find this a good opportunity to supply their wants.

LOST.—On Wednesday evening, June 22d, on Main street, a lady's leather bag, containing a small sum of money, an infant's pair of shoes, and several other articles. The finder will oblige by leaving it at the Middlesex Journal office.

PROMOTIONS.—Sergt. Major Moses P. Richardson, of Winchester, to be First Lieut.

First Lieut. Charles B. Leath, of Reading, to be Captain.

Sergt. Geo. W. Nichols, of Reading, to be Second Lieutenant.

MR. WHIPPLE, the celebrated Photographic Artist, of Boston, closes his rooms for the summer, July 4th, opening them again the first of September.

PATENTS were issued to the following persons last week:—Stephen M. Allen, of Woburn, for improved roofing material. Oliver G. Critchett, of Stoneham, for heel cutting machine.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12, 1864.

DEAR EDITOR:—The changes of a soldier's career are various and extensive, and yet none so sudden and unexpected for in the history of the 6th N. Y. as this last, which has removed us from a tribe on the banks of the Pamunkey and the seat of war to Washington and civilization. Your correspondent writes almost from within the shadow of the capitol with the din of a populous city coming to his ears, borne upon the sultry summer breeze.

To him the morning sun no longer shines over broad fields, flecked with little tents

that shelter the Potomac army's veterans,

but glares hotly on white-washed hospitals and barracks, or reflects from the shining roof of the neighboring city. The returning Sabbath finds us within the sound of church bells, not as lately in battle array awaiting the enemy. We have been here now about a week, and have become nearly accustomed to the quietness of our new life. No cannon sounds, or if it does, only in salutes, and without the swiftly following shriek of shell to which our ears had been so accustomed. Everything is done precisely and methodically, no hurry, no "boot and saddle," to rouse one to the realization that we are before the enemy, or patterning of musketry as grim war springs its dead rattle along the battle line. Here the sun pours less hotly, and the dust circles less thickly. Quiet and comfort and rest are ours, after nearly three years of incessant action. How long it may last there is no possibility of learning.

It would take many pages, and more columns than you would be willing to occupy, to relate in any manner more than casual the part we have taken during the movement of the army from the Rapidan across the Pamunkey. We have been in frequent engagements, and made many long marches. Many days have been passed in activity so continual as to prevent even the morning ablutions. Still, through it all the men have been cheerful and confident. All feel that the enemy has had a dreadful drubbing at the hands of the army of the Potomac. Under successive, the army has done harder work and retained more of discipline than ever before. Half the exertions could not be obtained from it through having done much less fighting provided it had been unsuccessful. To ensure future success, it is eminently necessary to possess it in the present. Grant has proved himself a great general inasmuch as he has apparently handled the monstrous army now before Richmond with as much ease as the lesser thousands with which in the preceding campaign he whipped the more numerous enemy six times within the short space of twenty days. He is the great military genius which the war has developed for us. The

army feels it to be so, and now, when going into action, strikes with all its might, never fearing of the result. Proficiency in drill, and confidence in the commander are the first requisites for efficiency.

The 2d Cav. Div. crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford in the gray of the morning of the 4th ult., being the advance of the left flank of the army. While the battle of the Wilderness was being waged the entire cavalry corps was massed at and near Todd's Tavern to protect the left flank and rear. Several times the rebel cavalry strove hard to break through upon the trains, but got most roundly thrashed. At one time, the enemy having made a rush against Gen. Custer, that Gen. sent to Gregg to borrow a section of artillery until he could bring his own up. Our section went up and fell into the hottest artillery fight we were ever in. Description can never portray justly the manner in which shot and shell shrieked about our ears. For the space of an hour and a half the rebels played upon our two guns with the concentrated fire of four. Still we stuck to our position, and have reason to think the "Johnnies" felt our fire, as they changed the position of their pieces several times. After the engagement of the Capt. and a Lieutenant of the rebel battery were found dead upon the field, whether killed by our fire or that of the battery that relieved us, could not be determined. We were relieved, after two hours hard fighting, by Batt. B and C, 2d U. S. Artillery. In this engagement our section lost two killed and one mortally wounded. Just as we were relieved, the rebels "took out," and as we were leaving the field we heard a volley sent from the whole battery to hasten their retiring footsteps. At different times the rebels engaged our brigade near Todd's Tavern, but luckily with no farther damage to us, save the breaking of the stock of one of our pieces. In one night our artilliers supplied a temporary stock of hewn oak which made a very passable substitute.

On the morning of the 9th, the Cav. Corps started upon the raid, the particulars of

which all have no doubt read long are this. It fell to the lot of our section, together with the 6th Ohio Cav., to form the rear guard. About the middle of the afternoon our rear began to be harassed by Fitzhugh Lee's brigade of rebel cavalry. At length, just about dusk, they made a rush so unexpectedly upon the rearmost squadron of the 6th Ohio that it broke in considerable confusion. Here was a military anomaly. The very men who two days before, at Todd's Tavern, had fought like tigers, and piled the rebels in heaps before the muzzles of their carbines, now ran like sheep. But they were surprised, for no one thought that party in our rear more than one or two squadrons on a scout. As it was they caused quite a stampede of the pack animals, and drove the rear-most squadron in upon our pieces. We were in a narrow road and between woods, could do nothing. Things appeared rather misty for a short time, and your correspondent began to make serious calculations upon how long it would take Grant to capture Richmond and thus relieve him from the prison he saw awaiting, but shortly Col. Taylor formed the 1st Penn, right across the road and checked the rebels while we hurried by to a small eminence a short distance ahead and opened fire. At one time in the melee a rebel officer penetrated as far as our hind-most pieces, saying, as he attempted to mount a horse he had laid hold of, "This piece is mine." One of our cannoneers shouted in return that he didn't see it, and, in default of a better weapon, struck him with his fist. Some one seized the officer and took him off the field. The rebels opened with one piece of artillery, which was very poorly served, and which we silenced as soon as it opened and caused to change position several times. The whole brigade formed for action, and repulsed two attacks, not continuing the march till long after nightfall. That night we made Beaver Dam Station, near the North Anna, where was destroyed a large amount of rebel provision, two locomotives, and many cars. There was also recaptured about 300 prisoners taken from the army of the Potomac in the battle of the Wilderness, among whom was Lieut. Flint Wyman, of the 39th N. Y. The next morning we were sheltered upon the ground where we had bivouacked by the same gun as had troubled us the night before. This was a little too impudent to be borne, and Gen. Custer very quietly took away their troublesome little pop-gun. That night we made the South Anna, from where, the following day, several expeditions were sent out to destroy the railroad at different places, all of which were successful. At Ashland a squadron of the 1st Mass. Cav. lost heavily in an encounter with a battalion of rebel infantry. From thence we continued our course until within two miles of Richmond, when we were attacked on three sides by the Richmond home guards and a portion of Stuart's cavalry. We beat them off after a brisk fight in a pouring rain, and made an opening across Meadow Bridge to Mechanicsville. The sound of our guns must have echoed in the very streets of Richmond. Taking a roundabout course, we reached the James by the old road through White Oak Swamp and over Malvern Hill.

Our return to the army was marked by no particular incident save the hanging of a few stragglers by guerrillas. The corps crossed the Pamunkey on the R. R. bridge, at the White House, and marching through King William and Queen's Counties, joined the army again near Chesterfield Station. One night's rest only was allowed us. The army marched by the left flank, and the cavalry corps took the extreme left to cover the laying of the pontoons on the Pamunkey near Newcastle. Close behind us came the 6th and 2d corps. About mid day of the 28th the rebels fell upon us near Hawes' Church, and the 2d division, together with Custer's brigade, stood the brunt. It was hot work, one of the most desperate cavalry fights of the war. The fighting was done in some heavy timber, both sides dismounted. Our battery had six men wounded, two suffering amputation. They got a cross fire on us,

their shots centring right between the pieces and crossing each other at right angles. We also had one wheel stove. This was our last action, for three days after, the artillery of the corps was relieved by the 2d brigade, and our brigades went to the rear.

Since then another battery with ours has been dismounted to furnish horses for the remainder of the brigade. In return for our serviceable horses, which it is not boasting to say, were in as good condition as any in the army, we received just enough condemned ones to drag the battery to the White House.

At the same time all the men detached to us from the cavalry and infantry were sent back to their regiments or to other batteries in the brigade. This diminished the battery nearly one half, so that now we number only about 95 men. At White House we shipped to the Washington Arsenal, where we arrived on the 6th inst.

The most of our boys, who were wounded in the early part of the campaign, are in the hospitals here and doing well. It was but to day that a wonderful instance of what human flesh can endure was afforded. On the 28th of May, in an engagement near Howes' Church, Va., a man detached from the 1st Mass. Cav. to the battery named Loud, was struck in the right shoulder by a shell which carried away a great portion of it, and about an inch of his collar bone. The chief surgeon of the cavalry corps gave his case over as hopeless, and would not dress his wound. Surgeon Wood, of the 1st Mass., thought otherwise, and dressed it. To-day, three weeks only from the reception of his wound, this man ran the guard at his hospital, and after searching for some time, managed to find the battery, and took breakfast with us. Verily, flesh and blood are an admirable combination. And in fact it is wonderful to see the patience and endurance under suffering which are the characteristics of our soldiers in hospital. In visiting our poor wounded comrades, I have been enabled to see a considerable of these characteristics, and those very men who in the field seem to feel the hardships of the campaign, and mayhap now and again complain, when laid low in hospital by grievous and painful wounds, seem to attain a beauty of character one would hardly deem possible.

Resignation, cheerfulness, loving kindness toward brother soldiers in misfortune, patience, endurance, hopefulness, are the characteristics that mark the wounded soldier in all our hospitals. In every hospital and every ward, there are cases of men suffering from the most dreadful wounds, and yet one is surprised at the quietness prevailing. Very few groans are heard. And another fact worth noticing is that soldiers who have once suffered from wounds and returned to their commands, are much better soldiers before, than before. But I will not trespass.

HOPLITE.

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1864.

CAMP BARRY, ARTILLERY CAMP OF INSTRUCTION, is situated about one mile northeast of the Capitol, on the southern slope of a small hill. Seen from Capitol hill it presents the appearance of a village of large cottages rather than of Government barracks. Each house is capable of accommodating a battery.

The buildings are two stories in height, about 60 feet long, and with a piazza extending along the whole south side. All brightly shine in pure white. The barracks are arranged one over another on the hill-side, with a very commodious and more pretentious building in the centre of the encampment for the post commandant. The camp is arranged for 15 batteries, though there are but five here now. In front of the commandant's quarters and lower down the hill is the parade ground. At the foot of the hill are the stables which are long, low, whitewashed buildings grouped together as if a party of rope-walks in consultation. On the right and west runs the turnpike to Bladensburg and Baltimore. Before us the road stretches away obliquely to the right until it disappears, broad, white, and dusty, in the foliage that surrounds the Capitol. Turn whichever way one may the road, black, roofs and whitewashed walls of hospitals meet the gaze. Washington appears to consist chiefly of public buildings, hospitals, and government corrals. The inhabitants chiefly subsist by working for and swindling the government, and swindling the soldiers. Pies are a staple commodity. A person speaking of Cincinnati said that every second man one met was a pig. So in Washington every second house is a barber shop, and the remainder restaurants.

Washington is a monstrous humbug. The public buildings alone save it from an appearance of poverty. It is situated within a natural amphitheatre of hills and upon low ground. On the heights which encircle the city are the defenses which have cost so much labor and expense. All along the ridges, fortifications thickly cluster, and each point particularly prominent has its flag and staff that shows the situation of a redoubt.

This chain of forts is perfect on both sides of the Potomac. On the south they take in Alexandria, on the north Georgetown. Just below the city a large creek empties into the river, and the Point thus formed by the confluence is occupied by the arsenal. About a half a mile up the creek is the navy yard. This creek is called Anacostia. Right opposite to the arsenal is Giesboro' Point, the situation of the cavalry bureau it looks like a city of rope-walks. At convenient situations within and without the city are the numerous hospitals. As all the hospital and government wooden buildings are whitewashed, and as the city is in great part composed of hospitals and other government buildings, Washington has a distressingly new appearance. On a sunny day the glaring white of the surrounding buildings fairly dazzles one's eyes, moreover as but few of the streets are paved great clouds of dust prevail during dry intervals, so that the capital of the nation is decidedly uncomfortable.

We have been enjoying a state of supreme laziness since arriving at this place, having no horses to care for and camp duty being unimportant. This state of affairs has rendered it possible for all to visit the notable places of the city, which opportunity has not been disregarded. But having now for over two years been in the habit of mounting a horse to go any distance over a quarter of a mile the men find it tiresome to walk even

MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

FEMALES! FEMALES! FEMALES!
Use the safe, pleasant remedy known as
HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

For all diseases due to the use of the family should be without it, and none will when once tried by them. It is used

BY YOUNG AND OLD.

In the decline or change of life, before and after marriage, during and after confinement, to strengthen the nerves.

NATURE IS ITS

PROPERTY, and it degrades the down

constitution, from whatever cause originating.

USE NO MORE WORTHLESS PILLS!

TAKE

HELMOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

See advertisement in another column, and cut out and send for it.

THE TURNED HEAD!

This title of one of Dr. Warren's stories is realized in a moment by all who use

Cristadoro's Hair Dye,

which in five minutes changes

WATER BLACK,

or red to a rich brown, without drying up the juice of the hair. It is the only safe hair dye in the world.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor Place, New York. Sold every where and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preserves,

14 oz. with his Dye, as it imports the most softening and beautifying powers, and great vitality to the Hair. Price, 50 cents, \$1, and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

37-38.

Died

In Woburn, June 20th, Mr. Robert Jameson, aged 64 yrs., 10 mos.

June 20th, Mr. Mark W. Ham, aged 49 yrs., 10 mos.

In Woburn, June 23d, Capt. James W. Brooks, aged 72 years. Funeral from his late residence on Sunday 26th inst., at 5 o'clock, P. M. Relatives and Friends are invited to attend without further notice.

June 24th, Charles A. Fowle, a. d. 39 yrs., 4 mos.

Letters Remaining Unclaimed,

IN THE POST-OFFICE AT WOBURN,

State of Massachusetts, 25th day of June, 1864.

For to obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "unclaimed letters" give the date of this issue and pay one cent for advertising.

For to obtain any of these letters, they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Free delivery of letters at the post office, as far as possible, is effected by the delivery of mail, may be obtained by observing the following rules:

1. Direct letters plainly to the street and number, as well as the post office and state.

2. Letters with the name of the post office and state, and street, sign them plainly with all name, and request that answers be directed accordingly.

3. Letters to strangers or transient visitors in a town or city, whose special address may be unknown, should be marked in the lower left-hand corner.

4. Place the postage stamp on the upper right hand corner, and leave space between the stamp and direction for post marking without interfering with the letter.

5. B. A. Request for the return of a letter to the writer, if unclaimed within 30 days or less, written on the back of the letter, and addressed to the post office, and State, across the left-hand end of the envelope, on the face side, will be completed with the usual prepaid rate of postage, payable when the letter is delivered to the writer. —Rec'd. of Law of 1863.

Bell, Lucilla Taylor, Martin

McDermott, William Torr, A.

O'Donnell, James Walker, James A.

Michael Wiere, A. N.

Salmon, Thomas.

NATHAN WYMAN, P. M.

MILLINERY

Reduced Rates.

The subscriber wishing to close out her

Summer Stock of

Millinery Goods,

will sell them after this date, at GREATLY RE-

DUCED RATES.

MOURNING GOODS,

READY made, or supplied to order, at short notice.

She has lately added a good assortment of

Hoop Skirts, Hosiery, Corsets,

GLOVES, DRESS TRIMMINGS,

LACES, AND SMALL WARES,

all of which will be sold at LOW RATES.

M. E. FIELD,

NEW BANK BUILDING,

Woburn, June 24, 1864.—20-ff.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

JULY 4, 1864.

THE Management take pleasure in announcing that the Boston Music Hall will be open during the week of MONDAY, JULY 4th, for the exhibition of, and concerts with

THE GREAT ORGAN,

on which occasion the

National Airs of all Nations

with other appropriate pieces, will be played.

W. Eugene Thayer, H. J. Lang and

G. E. Whiting.

Tickets for the day only, 25 cents, for sale at

39-3w.

TO LET FOR STORAGE,

A STABLE, 18x25, with cellar, located in

the rear of Dwight Eager's Estate.

39-3w. Apply to ELI COOPER.

"BIG THING ON ICE."

ONE OF TUFTS

ARCTIC SODA FIXTURES!

Has been placed on the Counter of the APOTHE-

CARY at

No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.

He now offers to the thirsty public a cold glass of Soda Water with either of

12 varieties of Fruit and Cream Syrups.

CALL AND SAMPLE THE GOODS. 39-3w.

4711 Farina Cologne 4711

Celebrated for its excellence all over the world.

For sale by W. C. BRIGHAM, Apothecary.

COAL, LUMBER, & C.

THE firm of AYER & McDONALD having

been dissolved, the subscriber respectfully

gives notice to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has established a

small stand, in all its branches, and trusts

to keep strict attention to business, and always keep

handy a variety of different kinds of COAL, WOOD

and LUMBER, the former in a convenient shape

of public patronage which has been accorded to the firm during the past year.

LIME, HAIR AND CEMENT

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

OFFICE—Immediately adjoining the North end of the Depot, Woburn Center.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

Woburn, Feb. 13th, 1863.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.

BOSTON MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

18 Temple Place, (Formerly 36 Bromfield Street.)

R. GREENE, M. D., Superintending Physician.

This Institution was established for the cure of Diseases by the use of vegetable remedies, entirely discarding Poisons Drugs. It has now been in use for sixteen years, and offers inducements to invalids for the recovery of health not to be found elsewhere.

Special attention given to the treatment of cancerous diseases, and the cure of the blood.

For the expenses kinds of Coffee. No one should fail to buy it. Manufactured by

H. B. NEWHALL,

36 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.

And sold by Grocers throughout the country.

The Eye. The Eye.

Dr. E. KNIGHT.

PHYSICIAN and OCULIST.

Has discovered a new treatment for the Eye and Ear, whereby he is curing some of the worst cases of blindness and deafness known, without instruments or pain, and blind for years, and others improved to invalids for the recovery of any part of the country, will fully direct.

For the cure of Eye. 31 M.

Consultation in ordinary diseases \$1, and all letters requiring medical advice, enclosing a stamp, will receive prompt attention.

A prompt description of treatment will be sent free.

All letters should be addressed to R. GREENE,

M. D., 18 Temple Place, Boston.

Three Important New Books.

THAYER'S LIFE OF PRES. LINCOLN,

THE PIONEER BOY—Price \$1.25.

THE LIFE OF THE REBEL,

YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBEL—Price \$1.25.

THE LIFE OF SEC. CHASE—\$1.25.

THE LIFE OF THE REBEL,

YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBEL—Price \$1.25.

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THE LIFE OF THE REBEL,

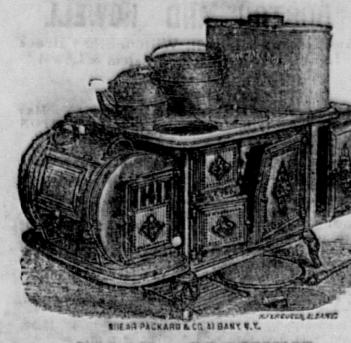
YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBEL—Price \$1.25.

THE LIFE OF THE REBEL,

YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBEL—Price \$1.25.

THE LIFE OF THE REBEL,

YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBEL—Price \$1.25.



FIRST PREMIUM COOK STOVE.
THIS Stove took the First Premium at the State Fair held at Rochester, October 1st, 1862, and again at Utica, September 13, 1863.

Economy is Wealth?

This maxim will be fully demonstrated by buying an

AMERICAN HOT AIR COOKING STOVE,

It will bake, boil and roast better than any other Stove, with a saving of 25 per cent in fuel, and a very large percentage in convenience.

They have the following advantages:

- 1. They are constructed with a view of great durability; all the plates exposed to the fire are made of iron.
- 2. The flues are lined with non-conducting cement, thereby applying the heat directly to the oven, and not over the outer surface of the baking pan, which will heat faster than any other stove.
- 3. They have a hot air draft, which not only makes the fuel burn freer and last longer, but also gives a more even heat.
- 4. They remove all the gases from the fuel, thereby adding largely to the amount of heat obtained from the same.
- 5. The Stove is made, mounted and finished in the most superior manner. The oven is large and well constructed. The Stove is convenient to use, and more economical than any other. Many of those who have used this Stove, "it will do more work with less fuel than any other stove." In proof we add the following testimony:

American Hot Air Cooking Stove.

It is the best of its kind, and the only one of the last, called the "American Hot Air Cooking Stove, in all respects as recommended; and we could not be induced to part with it, and any circumstances we were in, to sell it, for the price of the same kind.

To make a long story short, it is perfect in every particular. It looks, brooks, lasts and holds fire, and is a great convenience in every way.

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Respectfully Yours,
C. H. MCKINTRY.
Fairfield, Conn., April 17th 1863.

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Pastor of the 1st Cong. Church, Fairfield, Conn.
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has twice the strength of Java, or any other Coffee whatever and wherever used by our first class hotels and steamboats, the stews say there is a saving of 50 per cent.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, is the most highly flavored known, and is very nutritious. The weak infirm may use it at all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. Eaves, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any coffee for many years, has been using Kent's Coffee, and is now in full health.

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